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TRAVELLER'S JOY.

In greybeard blossoms over the brake
Hangs clematis, Autumn's feathery toy:
A breeze leaps up from the shimmering lake
To dapple the water with silver and gold,
And whistle a melody, merry and bold;
All such things are Traveller's joy.

There's light hedge-maple of amber sheen
(Delicate treasure without alloy),
Branches of holly in crimson and green,
Glistening jewel-like under the blue
Of clear-swept skies that the winds renew:
All such things are Traveller's joy.

Woodland floors, where the storm has rained
Bright fugitive gold, too brief to cloy:
Misty hillsides never attained:
Lingering glimpses of valley and stream,
Lovely and lost as a fortunate dream:
All such things are Traveller's joy.

Headlands dark, in the dying sun,
Gathering shades, the night's convoy,
A dim, white road over regions dun:
Whispers that thrill, when all men sleep,
The echoing arch of the starry deep:
Yea, such things are Traveller's joy.

Rosalind Travers.

THE DYING PATRIOT.

Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,
Day of my dreams, O day!
I saw them march from Dover, long ago,
With their silver cross before them, singing low,
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas break in foam,
And Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes in England, noon on Oxford Town
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her gown:
Noon of my dreams, O noon!
Proud and godly kings had built her long ago
Comeliest of wisdom's cities here below,
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales:
O evening dreams!
There's a house that Britons walked in long ago
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,
And the dead, robed in red, and sea-lilies overhead
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war:
Fire in the night, O dreams.
Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,
South to desert, East to ocean, West to snow,
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides
I must go
Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young star-captains glow.

James Elroy Flecker.

The English Review.

FANCY'S HOME.

Tell me, Fancy, sweetest child.
Of thy parents and thy birth;
Had they silk, and had they gold,
And a park to wander forth,
With a castle green and old?

In a cottage I was born,
My kind father was Content,
My dear mother Innocence;
On wild fruits of wonderment
I have nourished ever since.

W. H. Davies.

The Westminster Gazette.

SOME POSSIBLE AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

It is a very interesting struggle that is quietly going on in the United States over the proposal to make Mr. Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey and Principal of Princeton University, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. It marks a fresh stage in the long conflict between the "bosses" and the people for the control of government. It is part of that big struggle of which the issue, not this year nor next, will decide whether the people can be fooled all the time, or whether the despotism of party managers is at an end.

That Mr. Woodrow Wilson could be elected, if he were put forward as candidate, seems extremely probable. He would carry the Democratic vote solid, and many of the Progressive Republicans, the Insurgents against high tariffs and truckling to wealth, would support him. Even without them he would probably win. The prevailing sentiment of the country is believed to be Democratic. Since the Democrats carried the House of Representatives last year, it has been the view of most American politicians and writers on politics that a Democratic President is more than a possibility. Mr. Woodrow Wilson would be a strong candidate with an excellent chance of victory—if he can secure the nomination.

Up to within the last few months this seemed more than doubtful. Lately the idea of his candidature has become familiar. He is now spoken of as the most likely choice, though it is true that the "bosses" distrust him as deeply as ever. They have good reason. When he ran for Governor, he was supported by the Democratic party machine in his State. He had declared himself opposed to regulating trusts by commissions, and as that was the question of the hour the "bosses" thought he must be a safe man.

Even before he was elected, he began to open their eyes. He assured the Progressive Republicans that he sympathized with their programme of reforms. He denounced the "boss" system. He pledged himself to work for the regeneration of the Democratic party. The managers looked at one another and wondered if they had made a mistake. However, they were accustomed to fine sentiments in election speeches, and knew how little they usually stood for. Even when, after his election, the Governor advocated checking "the abuse of the privilege of incorporation," an efficient control over public utilities, a Workman's Compensation Act which would not compel poor individuals to fight powerful composite employers, and laws against corrupt practices at elections—even then they still imagined he was "talking through his hat."

He soon undeceived them. A Federal Senator had to be elected by the New Jersey Legislature. A "direct primary" was held; that is to say, the voters of the State were polled under the new system which aims at giving the people back their power. A certain Mr. Martine had a majority of votes. Now the Legislature is not absolutely bound to follow the popular "instruction," and in this case the Democratic machine proposed to disregard it. Their party had in the meantime come into control of the Legislature, and one of the "bosses" decided that he would like to be Senator. But the Governor would not hear of it. He insisted that the "primary" was a serious indication of the people's wish, whether the Democrats had taken it seriously or not; and he added a gibe to his in-

jury which doubled its sting. "Some folks fear," he said, "that we shall ruin the party. There is nothing to fear. We are only removing a wart, and that is not a dangerous operation."

Later on he forced through the State Legislature a Direct Elections Bill, although it was desperately opposed both by the Democrats and by the Republican machines. One of the "bosses" on his side accused him at this juncture of ingratitude. "The organization he was trying to kill had elected him Governor." "No, no," said the Governor; "the organization nominated me only. It was the people who elected me, you know." Is it any wonder the Federal Democratic "bosses" are unwilling to let the Presidential nomination go to a man who has so woefully disappointed the State "bosses"? The weight of the machine will be thrown against him. Can the people put him through?

The forces of progress are rallying to his support. The New York *Outlook*, for which Mr. Roosevelt writes, gave him a number of pages lately for the expression of his views. That was a straw in the wind. Mr. Roosevelt himself will neither come forward nor work actively for any candidate. After his triumphant return from the European progress he told all his friends that he meant to keep out of politics for some time. He was persuaded to break his resolution, and the failure of his New York State campaign broke his influence over the greater part of the country. The West is still faithful, but elsewhere he is believed by most people to be politically dead. They do not realize what vital force there is in him. He does not quite realize it himself. He thinks (so he assured me last year) that he has passed over the crest of the wave and is now sinking into the trough. But he has often thought this before. Unless the American Ship of State should unexpectedly glide into calm waters, Theodore Roosevelt will be found again at her helm. In the meantime, Woodrow Wilson is probably the man he would most gladly see elected to the Presidency.

Not that the two are alike. They are, indeed, in most ways the antithesis of one another. Mr. Wilson is analytical, sardonic, a keen knife-edge of a man. He has made fun more than once of Mr. Roosevelt's knack of rushing in with a big stick before he quite knows whose head he ought to break with it. "I am told," said the President of Princeton a few years ago, "that as soon as Mr. Roosevelt thinks, he talks, a simultaneous miracle that is not, according to our education, the customary way of forming an opinion." In appearance Mr. Wilson is spare, wiry, professional. He scarcely looks his fifty-five years. Women call him ugly until they hear him talk. His features are what would be described here as "typically American." His expression in repose is hard and cynical. His mouth and chin are powerful, but harshly moulded; his eyes narrow and astigmatic, with a steely glint in them which suggests either grim determination or irony which bites, like acid on an etcher's plate.

There is nothing picturesque about him, nothing to touch the popular imagination save his honest wish, backed by solid character, to "give the people back their chance." Republican policy has been for fifty years, he asserts, too favorable to vested interests. He would not bear hardly upon vested interests; he is too wise for that. But he would keep the ring fairly for them and the public. He would stop underhand fighting. He would not let consumers be pillaged, as they have been by many of the Trusts. An arraignment of Corporation piracy by a scholar and historian rings more truly in the public ear than the voices of regular politicians. People are rather weary of machine-made politics. They like the idea of a

College President taking a hand, as Mr. Wilson did in New Jersey, and "seeing the bosses" with disastrous results to them.

Against his honesty and goodwill are set the fact that he is an amateur. He was once interrupted in a speech by this accusation. "Yes," he said, "that is too bad, isn't it?" He paused. The audience half smiled. "But I have one satisfaction," he went on, punching out the words as a machine in a ship-yard punches holes in steel-plates. "A professional plays the game, you know, because it pays him. An amateur plays because he loves to play, and to win if he can by fair means in a fair field. I'm afraid I *am* only an amateur. But I'm having a most interesting time of it."

Another taunt, "the student in politics," is too ill-founded to do him much harm. He has never had the student's type of mind. "I am not an educator," he objected soon after he became President of Princeton. "I despise the mere accumulation of knowledge. I want our students to feel the formative influence of the University in their lives. I want to make them good citizens." No student spoke there, but a man of the great world, seeing beyond the class-room and the library, asking of the lecture and the printed book not "what facts can you tell us?" but "how can you help us to live?"

That is the link between him and Mr. Roosevelt. They are Realists both. Names do not satisfy them. Words are nothing unless action follows. On the other hand, neither Roosevelt nor Woodrow Wilson are men of ideas. They may seem to be because they assimilate and give forth so promptly other people's ideas. But this is merely the quickness of the mind deceiving the eye. The difference between them in this matter is that Mr. Roosevelt takes up an idea upon his own judgment of its merits. The test for him is, Does it appeal to me? Mr. Wilson is more cautious. He asks, Does it seem to be going well? Has it been tried anywhere and proved a workable proposition?

Yet on one question Mr. Wilson has spoken out plainly, while Mr. Roosevelt has never made his position clear. That is the question of Tariff. Above all others, this is likely to be the battle-ground for the "Presidential." Nothing short of a wave of prosperity can check the growing desire in the United States for cheaper raw materials. The Democrats carried the House of Representatives by promising reductions of duty. Faithful to their pledges, they passed three Tariff Bills—the Wool Bill, the Cotton Bill, and the Farmers' Free List Bill. President Taft killed them all with his power of veto. They were quack remedies, he urged. They would disorganize vast industries, employing huge capital and enormous numbers of workpeople. The Republicans applauded his "words of wisdom." The Democrats declared he was protecting the interests which gave him his power. The Insurgents looked sadly on.

Upon those who had no decided views either way Mr. Taft's energetic action made a good impression. His "stock had sunk low" because he had done nothing. As soon as he asserted himself he began to be talked about again; and in a democracy anyone can aspire to anything who can manage to keep his name on voters' tongues. But hard upon this rise in Mr. Taft's popularity came the result of the Canadian election and the defeat of his Reciprocity plan. That, in a country where nothing succeeds like success, was a crushing blow. The platform on which he meant to stand was broken beneath him. Nothing remains but a scrap-heap of splintered hopes. Mr. Taft will be nominated as the Republican candidate—that seems certain. But

few who watch the currents of opinion think that he will win.

If he is not opposed by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, he may have an easier task in conducting his campaign against Governor Harmon, of Ohio. Mr. Byran, the "perpetual candidate," has at last been shelved, though he may still have a good deal of influence at the Democratic Convention. Among all whose names have been canvassed, none seemed at one time more likely to receive the nomination than Judson Harmon. It is a curious illustration of the difference between the American system and our own that, although Mr. Harmon was a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet, he has never taken a leading part in Federal politics since the Republicans have been in power. In England a politician of Cabinet rank is almost as prominent in Opposition as he is in office. In the United States he may devote himself, as Mr. Harmon has done, to State politics, and be little heard of in the Federal arena.

As Governor of Ohio he has "made good" with steady ability, and was last year elected to a second term. This was held to be the crucial moment of his career. If he had been defeated he would have dropped out as a Presidential possibility. After his re-election, until the rise of Mr. Wilson's star, he was regarded as the almost certain choice of the Democrats. Now his chance is more remote. He would be a good ordinary kind of President, let us say, of the McKinley type. He has never shone brilliantly, but his qualities burn with a constant glow. He is an older man than Mr. Wilson: a genial, kindly, unassuming spirit, who knows all the ins and outs of politics, but has character enough to take a line of his own when occasion calls for rapid action.

Last year in a town called Newark a spy employed by a temperance society to discover and denounce "blind pigs," which means unlicensed drinking saloons, shot the keeper of one of these places. This did not please the citizens of Newark, so they lynched the spy. Whether the Mayor and Sheriff could have saved him is doubtful, but they failed to make any attempt to do so, and this aroused a storm of newspaper criticism. The Governor saw what there was to do, saw it and did it. He removed the Mayor and Sheriff from their offices at once. More courage than this was required to call out the National Guard in Columbus when a street-car strike was causing disorder which the town authorities did not suppress. Governor Harmon did call it out though, taking the chance of damage to his re-election prospects. It harmed them not at all; resolute action seldom does injure public men.

He is a good business man too. Some time before he was first made Governor he became Receiver of three railways which were slipping into bankruptcy. One was the Père Marquette, whose trucks are now seen all over the Continent. The others were the Cincinnati-Hamilton-Dayton and the Toledo Terminal. The first thing that struck him was the heavy arrears of wages outstanding. He took a bold step; borrowed £160,000, paid off the debt, and made the men more contented. When he was installed as Governor, he proposed to resign his Receivership. The Supreme Court asked him in the interests of the companies to complete his work. Eventually he restored the lines to the stockholders with their credit sound and their organization vastly improved, once more paying concerns.

In a Presidential campaign each candidate is expected to have a "slogan" or war-cry. A sentence of Governor Harmon's, "Guilt is always personal," has been seized on for this purpose. What he meant by it was that individuals should be prosecuted, not Corpor-

ations. It is not an illuminating phrase, but Mr. Harmon is not an illuminating person. At sixty-one he is rather puzzled by modern ideas. He is therefore anything but a leader. The wellspring of his popularity lies in his being what we should call a "thoroughly good sort." Big and straight and square-shouldered, he is a fine Anglo-Saxon type. He might be a British colonel or squire save for his loose, easy movement and the smile around the corners of his mouth. He is "English," too, in his fondness for games. Every Saturday he takes half a day off to play golf, a relaxation by no means usual in American cities.

Mr. Harmon has made his own way in the world. He began life as a country Baptist minister's son, and worked on the land between his college terms. In every way this big Westerner is a type dear to the American heart, and if the "bosses" are able to "swing" the Convention, he will almost certainly be their first choice. But it happens sometimes in Conventions, as in Papal elections, that the lot falls in the end upon some second or third string. An inoffensive personality may slip through bars raised to keep out bigger fish. That may happen in this case. A man like Mr. Gaynor, Mayor of New York, might be accepted by a Convention wearied out with striving for and against more distinguished candidates. It may sound odd in English ears to say that Mr. Gaynor's chance of nomination was greatly improved by the attempt made on his life last year. But the statement is perfectly true. A candidate for the Presidency must be known all over the United States. Until he was shot at, Mr. Gaynor was little known outside of New York. As soon as the newspapers all over the continent were filled with sympathetic columns about the assassin's "dastardly act," and while day by day the public looked for bulletins of the Mayor's improvement or decline, shrewd observers saw that he had come into the running for the prize to be won next year.

In many ways he would be a useful President. He is extraordinarily just in all his dealings. Tammany opposed his nomination, but, as Mayor, he hands out even justice to Tammany as to all other bodies. During his campaign the New York newspapers were almost all against him. Daily he used to receive from sympathizers information reflecting upon the private characters and public records of the editors who attacked him. He made no use of these, except to sort them out and send them, after he had been elected, to those whom they chiefly concerned. Even in small matters his fairness is phenomenal. The last time I was in New York I saw the walls placarded with a letter which he wrote to a burlesque actress apologizing for some remark he had made reflecting upon her style of entertainment.

He was a judge before he was elected Mayor, but that is scarcely enough to account for this even balance of temper. He is just in grain, and with his fairness goes, as is usual, a cautious habit of mind. He is so cautious as to be uninteresting. Above all things else he is a lawyer, seeing only so much of the truth as may suit the case in hand. If he probed more deeply, he would not have committed himself to such a statement as this:—

No one, however rich, need ever be afraid of the people. The people are not revolutionary by nature. They are never dishonest. Even in the French Revolution, when they destroyed prisons and fortresses, not a bank was looted. The Bastile was torn down, but the Bank of France remained undisturbed.

That is eminently a lawyer's point, a half-truth, a flashy argument false at core. The "people" were honest in the

particular instance quoted because their leaders were honest, and had filled them with a fiery zeal which burnt up all thoughts of personal gain. Give a mob a leader like Lord George Gordon, or leave it leaderless as the looters at Llanelly were left, and no property is safe from them.

Other Democrats who might possibly be nominated for President are Mr. David R. Francis, another old Cabinet Minister of Mr. Cleveland's, since then a progressive Mayor of St. Louis and President of the World's Fair in that city; Mr. Thomas R. Marshall, Governor of Indiana, who has wandered so far from the High Protectionist fold as to advocate tariffs for revenue only; and Mr. Joseph W. Folk, late Governor of Missouri, who has made a national reputation by his energy in that one State, energy shown in many directions from suppressing racecourses to putting down bribery among members of the local Legislature. Yet one more possibility remains to be noted. If Senator La Follette should be put into the contest by the Insurgents, the country would have the opportunity of electing a very remarkable man. But the country would not take it, and the country would be right. Apart from his increasing deafness, and in spite of his brilliant gifts—gifts of political insight, of tactical skill, of polished eloquence—this little man with the wide-open, steel-gray eyes, whose upstanding crop of hair has won him the nickname Bushy Bob, would not be regarded as a "dependable" President. That is what the country needs, and has made up its mind to get.

Either Woodrow Wilson (should the wish of the people prevail) or Judson Harmon (if the "bosses" win) would take to the White House the "safe and sane" qualities which are required. Of the two. Mr. Wilson would be the more interesting election, especially to the outside world. But so far as "dependability" goes there is little to choose between them. With one or the other the nation could go about its business in quiet confidence that, if changes must be made, everything would be done decently and in order. The "safety and sanity," though, would not square with the "bosses'" interpretation of those terms, which is that nothing must be done to alienate the men with the money. That kind of "safe and sane" policy has already received notice to quit.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.

The Fortnightly Review.

MEDICINE IN FICTION.

By S. Squire Sprigge, M.D.

That all subjects are the artist's province has been proclaimed over and over again, but there are some provinces which, not unlike Ireland, may belong to owners who cannot rule them. Medicine is such in the novelist's hand. Allowed to run its own extravagant course, the medical episode is thoroughly helpful to the story-teller; coerce that episode in the most reasonable manner, ask it to conform in its salient features to true pathology, and often it becomes of less use to the narrative. This is the reason why so much fun has been expended over the medicine of fiction, and it is also the reason why some of this fun has been cheap. Critical persons have taken it for granted that whatever is undisciplined is wrong—a harsh and stupid doctrine to apply to feats of imagination. The proper attitude of critical persons in respect of the treatment of medicine in fiction seems to me to be

fairly well defined. Where the author has in any way insisted on the accuracy of his science—where he writes as one having authority, and calls all men to witness, either in so many words or by his general assumptions, that he is a learned and sound expositor,—it is certainly fair that he should be reproached for any lapses from the truth; but where the author has introduced a medical episode for the mere sake of helping his story along, it is not necessarily sound criticism to blame him for faultiness of detail. Imagine calling Balzac to order because the murder of Maulincour by the terrible Ferragus is not to be explained by text-books on toxicology. The author may be true to the scheme of his story even while he is untrue to the teaching of the medical text-books. This is how it comes about that some of our very best novels contain bad medicine, while some of the silliest contain good medicine. Whether the author of the former is to be praised as an artistic writer, or the author of the latter is to be credited with valuable accuracy, depends upon the rules of criticism adopted; and these ought to be applied with appreciation of what the aim of the author has been. If the author has plumed himself upon the preciseness of his medical knowledge, he should be judged by the correctness of his display; if he has made the action of his story depend upon a chain of medical circumstances in such a way that unless the chain holds the story collapses, he invites us to test that chain link by link. But such a use of medicine in fiction is rare; as a rule it is no great contradiction of the author's pretences if a mistake in therapeutic or pathological detail occurs. And it makes small difference to the position of medicine in the public eye that signs rightly attributable to one poison are transferred by a novelist to another, that the symptoms of a tropical disease are burlesqued or the terrors of a fever magnified. The reader knows that the therapeutics in such matters will be in real life under the conduct of those who know, and his feelings towards the medical profession are not altered one way or another by details in respect of which accuracy can never be his practical concern. But when medicine enters in a large manner into a story, when the relations of the medical profession to the public are presumably expounded in a book, it is very important, both to the medical profession and to the public, that the author should be accurate. And he generally is nothing of the kind. The novelist never seems to have the slightest knowledge of the professional medical life. He is ready enough to credit the members of the medical profession with many shining virtues and equally ready to darken their reputation with calumny, the unfortunate result being to leave upon the public mind the impression that the average medical man is not an average member of society. The idea which the public might well derive from reading many novels is that to call in a doctor is an extraordinarily fluky proceeding, as the medical profession is divided sharply into heroes and knaves. The heroes lead a strenuous life, succoring the sick in desperate circumstances and refusing fees; operating at the briefest notice when a hair's breadth to the right or left in the making of an incision would be certain death to the patient. The knaves murder, cozen, and keep bogus sanatoriums. They vivisect for pleasure, their humanity is dead within their breasts, and they pass existences that are a standing reproach to the law of the land. Now undoubtedly either sort of description of the medical life, whether the roseate glow of eulogy or the green cast of detraction is employed, does no good to anyone. As far as the public is concerned it cannot

be useful that they should have doubts whether their doctor is a saint or a sinner, a knave or a hero. Medical men, for their part, may smile at errors in the medical details of novels, but they are uneasy under indiscriminate laudation of the nobility of their careers, and grow positively restive at some of the allegations concerning their criminal habits.

The time has surely arrived when we may expect that the novelist who aims at recording contemporary manners will take the trouble to ascertain what are the professional standards in medicine, what is the usual course of the successful man, and what the machinery, legal and ethical, which confines the medical career within certain bounds. The part which his hospital work plays in the life of the consultant physician and surgeon certainly varies, but it varies only within limits, and those could be readily ascertained by the novelist, who too frequently seems to confuse the honorary staff of the charity with the resident officers of the same institution. There are general hospitals which may have medical schools attached to them, and special hospitals which, not possessing the range of material necessary for use in clinical training, only play an ancillary *rôle* in medical education. These points ought to be remembered, even though the picture of the great specialist in brain disease, passing from bed to bed in his world-famous ward, surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic students, to whom he discourses with elegant brutality, has to be suppressed. Intelligent *internes*, again, do not reverse the treatment of their superiors, and, by saving life with brilliant unorthodoxy, succeed at once to lucrative practices in Harley Street; no great consulting position was ever won in this way. Nurses in hospitals have to do as they are told; the devoted young woman who remains by a sufferer's pillow hour after hour and day after day till she wins a hand-to-hand fight with fate and secures by her importunity the life of her patient—she is a figment; for in the hospitals all nurses go to their meals and their beds at stated times. Heaven knows, the work of both house-surgeons and hospital nurses is hard enough: the time allotted for their meals is scant, the hours of their labor are long, and much of the routine of their work is hard—physically as well as mentally hard. They do not deserve ridicule, and it makes them ridiculous to describe their share in the organization of a hospital so untruthfully as has been done; while the misstatements give the public a totally wrong view of institutions which, with extreme difficulty, derive their support from the public purse. The callousness of hospital nurses has more than once formed the subject of newspaper comment, and the views of the critics of hospital dispensation have been, I make no doubt, largely derived from the impressions of patients who, fooled by fiction, have thought that a broken leg or a scalp-wound would entitle the sufferer to the exclusive possession night and day of a soft-voiced ministering angel, and who have resented their particular angel going to her tea.

If the harm that may be done by the burlesque descriptions of hospital life which have appeared in various popular novels is more easily realized, I am not sure that it is greater than the harm done by the perpetual suggestion that the venal or criminal doctor is easy to find. Mr. Morris Finsbury, the seal collector, who, as set out in Stevenson's best manner, took deep thought on this point, came to an opposite conclusion; yet there makes a regular appearance in fiction the doctor who is ready at a price to violate every article of the Decalogue separately or in permutation and combination. Why is this? It is because a large number

of the public, who are sufficiently well educated to perceive in some sense the qualities good and bad in the sensational novel, are still in ignorance as to the aims of medicine, scientific and sociological. They still believe, when the novelist bids them, that a medical student is necessarily an expert toxicologist; that to immure the sane subject in a lunatic asylum is a safe and simple proceeding; that nurses are often the mistresses of doctors; that in many diseases the withholding of a dose or an injection will inevitably cause death (these latter two notions pave the way to frequent situations); and that familiarity with sorrow produces greed and callousness. It is suggested, here and now, to novelists that these things are all untrue; that the very occasional episodes on which statements of the sort are grounded do not warrant the general conclusions; that the time has come when they should not be said; and, further, that it will be good business—if a vulgar appeal to profits may be pardoned—to forego certain easy effects that can be obtained by misrepresenting medicine. Scott, George Eliot, and Stevenson spoke nobly on the side of the medical profession; I believe that modern novelists who follow them here will not go unrewarded. Good novelists do not wish always to write for the ignorant, and the ignorant are, or soon will be, the only persons to be thrilled by patent falsehoods. In them the slanders confirm wrong impressions and so do harm.

However, a much more usual employment of medicine in fiction is as an event in the narrative—a surgical event where an episode occurs, like an accident or a murder; a medical event where a disease is introduced so as to form part of the drawing of some character whose attitude towards life is swayed thereby. For one book which alludes to the profession of medicine as a profession there are twenty in which such events are brought on to the scene not to illustrate the habits of doctors, but to fulfil the exigencies of the plot. To cavil at mistakes in surgery is often unfair, as they are usually mistakes in an episode not necessarily affecting the story as a whole; but we may have to ask from the author, if his book is to be credible and symmetrical, that his "internal medicine" should be accurate, for the behaviour of his sick characters ought to be in accordance with their diseases. I am making, therefore, no comments upon the surgery of the novelist, because in the instances that occur to me most readily, inaccuracy does not much matter—it does no public harm, does not spoil the tale, and should not be made the subject of serious discussion. Even when a well-known writer, as happened recently, mixed up in his surgical allusions an organ of reproduction with one of excretion, he did not make his story less probable, though, incidentally, few things could have done this. But the use of medicine in fiction may call for more serious consideration.

In medicine proper, most of the diseases whose name is not too difficult to spell or too cacophonous to pronounce, whose associations are not too revolting, and whose details are in the least familiar or are capable of explanation, have been used by story-tellers of different grades. It is obvious that no attempt can be made here to review such a mass of material, and I propose only to illustrate the uses of medicine in fiction by calling to mind the way in which certain common diseases have been employed in the course of their art by acknowledged great writers.

A general disease much used by novelists is malaria. Sometimes malaria removes an individual, and in that case the accuracy with which symptoms are rendered is not of prime concern;

sometimes we are told how the disease falls upon populations, and here it is of importance that the medical picture should be correct. Several writers of fiction have dealt with malaria under different names. Guiltless of any knowledge of the part played by the mosquito in the spread of the disease, they have none the less been able to show with accuracy the probable environment of a malarious population, and the effects upon physique and *morale* of what the Anglo-Indian until recently called "a touch of fever." The episode of the Valley of Eden in "Martin Chuzzlewit," drawn with exuberant picturesqueness and biting humor as it is, is on the whole an accurate description of a malarious community. There never has been any place quite as Dickens portrayed the Valley of Eden; he has used the same almost unbounded exaggeration in bringing this gruesome strand before us that he employed in drawing elaborate personages—for no one was ever quite so infernally impish as Quilp, so gorgeously benevolent as the Cheeryble Brothers, so fatuous as Mr. Dombey, or such a beast as Uriah Heep. But these personages are sublimated types, and are accepted as such; and in the same way Eden may be accepted as a sublimated type of a malarious settlement and so pass as accurate enough. The malaria which attacked the inhabitants of this valley was of a continuous form, but when they got rid of it they remained in the same place some three months more without experiencing a recurrence, nor do we learn of any later manifestation of symptoms on arrival in England. It is easy enough to criticize the Eden episode in detail, but in general spirit it is a masterly piece of writing accurate enough, and displaying in a vivid manner the hopelessness which falls upon a people that abides and strives to live under the shadow of death. The effect of his illness upon Martin plays a definite part in the alteration of his character, which is very useful for the story, but medical experience does not support the view that illness often leaves a chastening effect upon man; seldom indeed is it that anyone is rendered less selfish thereby. Contrast with this the use of malaria in two popular novels, where the disease is employed to remove the heroines—and merely to remove them. I refer to Mr. Henry James's "Daisy Miller" and Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." Daisy Miller was a doomed character from the start. It was impossible not to feel that this gay and clever young rebel would become an admirably picturesque and pathetic person if she died quickly and neatly, and Mr. Henry James, most learned of all novelists in seeing when such effects will be obtained, kills her in the space of a week of "Roman fever." Her attack was without intermission, apparently without complications, but with delirium from the beginning. Now this is not a very convincing clinical picture. Katharine Westonhaugh, the heroine of "Mr. Isaacs," died of Indian "jungle fever" in much the same space of time—that is, in a week or ten days. She speaks clearly and easily from first to last, but has no recognizable sort of fever. It is my belief that Marion Crawford intended to kill her by an accident in the hunt which preceded her illness, but, seeing how very dignified a figure she had cut throughout the book, he felt that mauling by a tiger was an untidy way of disposing of her. There is a form of malaria, designated by the French *accès pernicieux*, which may end either in delirium and coma, or in collapse, running its fatal course in a few days. These cases occur in Africa, not India, for the most part; but I find such criticism labored. In all three cases malaria is well handled; in the first it appears as an epidemic under a pic-

turesque guise, in the others as a piece of narrative machinery.

Cholera and plague both put in appearances in novels, an excellent though flamboyant account of the progress of the former disease being contained in Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." The terrific mortality and unrelenting march of an epidemic of plague has made this disease a favorite one with writers of romance from Homer and Sophocles, through Boccaccio, down to to-day. Everybody will remember the picturesque and effective account of the Great Plague of London in Harrison Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's." Ainsworth was a conscientious writer, and clearly had consulted the authorities before writing his description. In the preface to the first edition of his work he says that he has followed closely a rare narrative, which he attributed to Defoe, entitled "Preparations against the Plague both of Soul and Body." I have never seen the book, but all the historical background to "Old St. Paul's" can be found in Defoe's "Diary of the Plague." The maniacal behaviour of Solomon Eagle, the murderous inclinations of some of the plague-nurses, the roaring trade done by quacks, the blasphemous orgies of the half-terrified, half-defiant loose-livers—all this, which is so effective in Ainsworth's romance, finds a place in the "Diary," and, moreover, is all historically sound. Defoe's consummate and particular literary skill led him to tell the story of the plague as though he had been an eye-witness, when in truth he was only six years old in the terrible year of its occurrence. But his chronicle is essentially accurate, for he had access to genuine diaries of the time, to Dr. Hodges's "Loimologia," to Vincent's "God's Terrible Voice in the City," and notably to the "Collection of the Bills of Mortality for 1665"; while seniors in his family or among his acquaintances would have certainly narrated their personal experiences before him. The famous "Diary" has notable exaggerations, and not being written until Defoe was sixty years of age, he could not refer doubtful passages to those who had given him personal information; but the story of the epidemic is on the whole trustworthy, and Ainsworth, by tracking Defoe so closely, achieved a well-deserved success. The account of one of the epidemics of plague which in the seventeenth century fell on Naples, as given in "John Inglesant," is a notable piece of writing. Here we have the appalling state of a plague-stricken city standing out in contrast with the beauty of the South Italian climate and the wonderful color of the sea and the sky; the dead are lying in the streets, which are still decorated for some popular festival; business is at a stand, for the houses are full of infection, but a terrible restlessness drives every lazy Neapolitan here and there. This restlessness has often been observed in epidemics, and nowhere, perhaps, would it be more obvious than among an unstable superstitious people like that of Southern Italy. In London during the Great Plague this restlessness was counteracted by the drastic orders confining the inhabitants of a plague-stricken house to that house—orders which terribly added to the horror and destructiveness of the disease. Another novelist who has used an epidemic of plague with striking success is that singular writer, Charles Brockden Brown, who never could have been very readable, and who has now, I think, fallen into complete oblivion. But there is much in Brown that is fine. He had a great eye for a situation, a thorough and wholesome interest in psychological problems, and a powerful as well as a cultivated pen. In many ways he deserves better of posterity than the scant reference

which he obtains in such phrases as "the successful copyist of Godwin" or "the father of the American novel." Brown was born in Philadelphia in 1771, and was twenty-two years old when the plague fell upon that city. He had therefore been an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes in his best-known novel, "Arthur Mervyn," and there are two or three chapters in this book which bring home to the imagination of the dullest what a plague-smitten community really suffers. Plague has been well treated by novelists.

Among regional diseases it is natural that little use should be made of disorders of the stomach, liver, kidney, and spleen. Their manifestations would not make polite reading, so the novelist seldom hits below the belt. Many dyspeptics cross the novelist's stage, but the victims of indigestion are nearly always subsidiary characters furnishing food for ridicule. But heart-disease and lung-disease are both frequently employed. The heart-disease of fiction is a polite sort of disease, and has few or no premonitory symptoms; it is found out suddenly by the doctor, who issues the warning that at any moment the victim may fall down dead; and sure enough, at the right moment, down he or she falls. Such patients have no dropsies or unpleasant complications, though they may suffer from anginous spasms. It is a purely novel-writer's disease, and is preluded almost invariably with that visit to the doctor to receive the unexpected verdict which has been described over and over again in novels, but which for obvious reasons happens but rarely in real life. One novel, however, occurs to my mind in which a definite description of cardiac disease is given accurately—"Une Vie," by Guy de Maupassant. Here, it may be remembered, the unlucky heroine's mother, the Baroness Adélaïde les Perthius des Vauds, has a heart-disease to which she alludes frequently as "mon hypertrophie," and the symptoms of hypertrophy with subsequent dilation of the heart are given perfectly. The baroness is a heavy and short-winded woman, who slept stertorously, walked with difficulty, and sat down every few paces during her self-imposed tasks of exercise. We learn when the book opens that she has suffered from cardiac symptoms for some ten years, so that it is perfectly right that the failure of the heart to do its work should have begun. And with the physical decay has also arrived the inevitable moral feebleness of a starved brain. Forced to lead the life of a half-suffocated cabbage, the unfortunate woman spends her time weeping over sentimental romances and re-reading the letters which later reveal her to her daughter as the possessor of a poor past. On the occasion of her daughter's wedding she deputes to her husband the delicate task of breaking to their child the meaning of the responsibilities of marriage, with the result that the young couple make a horrible start in their joint life. The next year sees the end of her resistance to her disease; compensation fails, she becomes dropsical, is unable to walk unsupported, is troubled with dyspnœa, ages in six months more than she had done in the preceding ten years; falls into unconsciousness, and dies. This is a vivid pathological picture.

Phthisis has been frequently used to account for the disappearance from the scene of young women in an agreeable and sometimes in a very prompt manner. It is in novels always fatal and usually hereditary, and we must remember here that opposite views are the outcome of completely modern work. In hereditary cases the fatal seeds germinate on exposure to a draught in a ball-room or symptoms supervene upon amatory disappoint-

ment—two perfectly correct observations as far as they go. A most carefully drawn description of phthisis is to be found in Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady." Ralph Tuckett would not have died nowadays from his complaint, while twenty years ago he would have died more quickly than his inventor permits him; but the progress of his disease and its influence upon character and physique are carefully set out in a true clinical portrait. Particular attention, however, may be drawn to the description of phthisis in one of Charles Reade's full-blooded novels, "Foul Play," part of which is attributed to the late Dion Boucicault. The heroine in this book has the disease, and, considering it irremediable, spares her father the shock of learning what she has discovered for herself. If he knows that she has spitting of blood he will at once know that she is doomed, inasmuch as her mother was a phthisical subject. But circumstances—and circumstances of a truly sensational kind—lead to this young lady being left on a desert island, where she has to sleep in a hastily constructed log shelter and labor all day beneath the sky in accordance with the habits of brave castaways. She puts on weight, increases from strength to strength, and utterly loses her tuberculous infection. This book was written in 1868, and at that time few save George Bodington, the first to advocate the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, would have believed the episode possible. Bodington's book was written in 1840, but his teachings were coldly received, and by 1868 were forgotten. To many medical men, in a book teeming with impossibilities, the episode of Helen Rolleston's recovery may have seemed the least credible; we now see not only its possibility, but its extreme probability.

Among general or systemic diseases a certain amount of play is made with fevers, but the pathognomonic symptoms are rarely given in sufficient detail to enable us to make a diagnosis. I cannot recall any case in what may be called a standard novel where an accurate study of scarlet fever or of typhoid fever occurs, and the zymotics are generally and indifferently used to remove superfluous persons. During the evolution of that magnificent muddle, "Our Mutual Friend," Dickens in all probability changed his mind more than once, and when he decided to get rid of the Boffins' adopted orphan he did it with great celerity by fever. The orphan had spots which came out on his chest. They were very red and large, and he caught them from some other children. So the orphan was driven to the Children's Hospital, where he was nursed in a general ward, and died shortly afterwards, conscious to the last, and bequeathing toys (and infection) to his room-mates, and a kiss to "the boofer lady." Fevers seldom receive closer observation than that given to them by the greatest romancer in our language, but Thackeray knew a surer way of treating them, having a different object in view. Dickens was out to create sympathetic interest. It is perfectly easy to say that he was sentimentally inaccurate, but it will be a bad day for human nature when the abounding grace of Mrs. Boffin's charity fails to draw from the reader its tribute of tears, because for the minute the great writer, who was also a great sanitary reformer, forgot that contagious and spotty things, whatever their names, ought not to be nursed in the general wards of hospitals. Thackeray, in describing the epidemic of small-pox which falls so suddenly and with such appalling results upon Castlewood, is not attempting to enlist our sympathies with the sick: he designs only to show us how people behaved in such circumstances in the reign of Queen Anne. The epidemic is

brought before us in "Esmond" in a vivid manner, the baldness of phrase being, of course, studied; especially effective in the simplicity of wording is the description of the panic that was produced in the era before vaccination by this terrible and disfiguring scourge of populations. Neither Parson Tusher nor Lord Castlewood takes any shame to himself for frank terror, while the mortality that ensues in the little community goes far to justify their attitude. The progress of the attacks sustained by Henry Esmond and Lady Castlewood is not reported at any length, but, save for the remarkably brief incubation in the former case, an accurate clinical picture is drawn both of symptoms and sequelæ, while the little touch which tells that the gracious and graceful lady's nose remained swelled and red for a considerable period is truly of Thackeray.

Into the regions of neurology I will not follow the novelist, but a protest is wanted against a certain common way of using insanity to punish ill-doers—if it cannot be dropped because it is stale, will the fact that it is also silly lead to its surcease? We must all be familiar with the sudden overthrow of reason that occurs in ill-behaving characters. The wretches become insane in a moment. This catastrophe generally comes at the end of the book or play, and mainly to villains whose schemes have miscarried piecemeal; their anxiety increases with their terrific but futile exertions to ward off the approaching Nemesis; then some wholly unexpected disaster meets them, reason totters on its throne, and they fall with a crash, to be picked up insane. Various situations lead to this kind of fit—the diamonds kept by a thief in reserve to secure flight when the worst has come to the worst at that exact juncture prove to be false or to have been stolen by a confederate; the mistress, hitherto the loving accomplice, deserts the failing fortunes of him who has sinned for her; the fatal rectitude of a wife or a son closes unwittingly the last avenue of a swindler's escape. The victims get purple, grasp their collar-studs, burst into horrid laughter, tumble to earth, and are picked up gibbering lunatics, who for years after may be seen in an asylum going through some pantomime reminiscent of the crowning catastrophe. Who first invented this kind of thing I have no idea; it is founded on no known pathology, but novelists and dramatists believe in the force of its public appeal.

The intentions of a paper whose length will, I know, put a great strain on the good nature of the Editor of the "Cornhill" have been two. First, I wished to suggest by examples from good writers that there are rules by which the medicine of a non-medical writer can be fairly tested. Second, I wished to protest against the ignorance of the medical life displayed by lesser writers.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, Author of "The Severins," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

Since they met at Wimbledon, Helga had fetched a letter from Clive once a week from the Surbiton post office, and in his last one he had asked her to meet him the following Saturday morning at Sloane Square station at twelve o'clock. But he had gone on to ask for more than this, and she had answered him—

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"I cannot get away for several days or even a whole day: if I could I would not. I still like my own idea; but I don't like yours, and unless you give yours up the lanterns will not be lighted. My point of view is sober and sensible. We are not children. You are a man and I am a woman, and we have chosen each other. This I hold we have a right to do. But my father and mother have rights too, and I will not vex and offend them if I can help it. I hate deceiving them, but I won't enlarge on that, because I'm going to do it, and if you are going to do what is wrong with your eyes wide open, the less you say the better. I will meet you on Saturday at twelve."

It was dry, it was unloving, but she sent it without adding a word, and then went to the post office two days later to see whether there was an answer with a change of plan. Perhaps Clive would say that her idea did not suit him, and that she need not meet him. But there was no letter. So, when Saturday came she made some excuse about Christmas presents, and got away. It had begun to snow a little but Mrs. Byrne was not as nervous about snow as about fog. She thought Helga rather extravagant to go to London for her shopping, but she knew that Mrs. Warwick had given the girl a present of money and that the shopping was to be on a more generous scale than usual.

Helga had her money with her and meant to buy her presents, but they were not in her mind during the cold-blooded business of walking to the station, buying a ticket, and taking trains to Wimbledon and Sloane Square in order to carry out a deed that required for its performance the red heat of despairing love. She had promised, therefore she went on, but at every station her courage was at a lower ebb: so that when she saw Clive at Sloane Square she saw him without any rush of intimate pleasure and met him frigidly. But he seemed not to ask more of her just then than the gracious fact of her presence: and he accompanied her up the stairs and into a taxi-cab with a gravity she found restoring. The snow was falling now in thick large flakes that fill the air but do not lie on the ground. Clive shut both windows of the cab and then turned to Helga.

"In a few minutes," he said, "we shall be man and wife."

"Only in the eyes of the law," said she, "not really in your eyes and mine."

"Legally we shall be man and wife. You do understand that, Helga?"

"Oh!" said Helga, laughing, because her mouth felt like crying, "I'm like the gardner who was told he mustn't shoot his neighbor's cats. I'm not going to study the legal aspect of the question."

"But, my dear girl, what do you mean?"

"What I said in my letter. The lanterns will only be lighted if you agree to my conditions."

"For the present I agree," said Clive, "but not for always. You must understand that too, Helga. I'm determined you are to have your eyes open since you are so young and since you trust me. What we are going to do can't be undone as long as we both live."

"I know," said Helga, in a low voice; and he felt her hand tighten on his in a way that acted like fuel on the fire he was trying for her sake to keep under. "I've read it over and over again just lately—till death does us part—but they won't say those beautiful things to-day, will they?"

"No."

"Till they do we are only half married."

"No," said Clive, with emphasis, "you must be clear about that, Helga, or I won't go on with it. If the registrar

marries us to-day we come away man and wife."

"In the eyes of the law," persisted the girl. "It will just give us a happy feeling that we belong to each other. But it will have no other effect on our lives, will it?"

The cab stopped at the registrar's office in the King's Road.

"Is it Yes or No?" said Clive.

Helga looked at him but did not speak. They got out of the cab. Clive told the man to wait and they went into the registrar's office together. The proceedings were short, business-like, and unimpressive. Official questions were asked, forms and registers were signed, fees and witnesses were paid. They were married.

"I feel just the same as when I went in," Helga murmured, as they came away together. "Has anything happened? How it snows! Good-bye, Clive."

"I am coming with you," he said. "No. You are coming with me, in this cab."

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Oh, don't look like that?" he said, "up in arms and afraid. Get into the cab and we'll have lunch together, and then you shall go home."

The snow powdered them as they crossed the pavement and got into the cab. The air was thick with it so that through the windows they only had a blurred impression of the traffic and of the street on either side. It came down in a slant now and in the small flakes that drift and lie. Like the other Lantern Bearers they were wet and cold and drearily surrounded, and like them in their fools' hearts they were ready to exult and sing. The sense of their action lay in the joy that lighted their eyes. It was too deep at first for speech.

"Are you beginning to understand," said Clive, at last. "You are mine—I am yours—while we live and beyond."

"I don't want to understand too well," said the girl. "I want it to be in my mind like the dream it is."

"A dream that shall turn real."

"But you promised, Clive—no, you didn't—I can never say that, but I made it a condition."

Her thoughts and sensations were too confused for words. The wooden indifference with which she had answered the registrar's questions and followed what he said was gone now. With a thrill that stirred her to the depths she realized what she had done.

"Our lanterns are lighted," she said; "at the heart of life we have a golden chamber and can dwell in it."

"But you *are* my wife," said Clive. "I'm certain you only half believe it, and when we are separated—I wish we could have a few days together, right away from every one."

The girl drew from him with such genuine discomfort, that the young man saw his proposal as she saw it, outrageous and impossible.

"We are only half married," she said. "Here is your ring. I can't wear it, and I can't hide it. My mother might find it. Keep it for me."

"Till I can give it you again."

"If ever the day comes."

Unwillingly he took it from her; unwillingly, a little later he let her go. He had ordered lunch in a private room at an hotel, and so they had an hour together like the remembered one in the Surrey garden when they had travelled far along the way where lovers find each other. He had called her his wife again, and she had heard him with the glowing wonder in her eyes that lit them when he first spoke of love. But she had met him with her old dislike of clandestine meetings and a clandestine correspondence, and nothing he could urge brought her to reason.

"You strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," he said at last.

"Because I hate little everyday deceptions. I hate going to the post office and giving a false name; and on that Sunday when I met you my mother found my wet gown, and wondered why I had gone out; I hate it more than I can tell you, Clive. The one big step we have taken to-day is different. Little subterfuges and tricks drag one down. If we wait patiently and silently, with the light burning, it lifts us up."

"But I must know how you are," said Clive. "You must write to me, Helga."

"I would rather not," she said.

In the end, half persuaded, half against the grain, he consented to try her way of marriage for the time, though he vowed it should not last an hour longer than he could help; and then he had stumbled against another of her self-set boundaries. She would not let him give her money or even anything that cost much money.

"I can't understand you," he said. "I've endowed you with all my worldly goods. You ought to feel that what is mine is yours. It's true I haven't much, at present."

"All those things belong to marriage on earth," said Helga, sedately; "we have married in the clouds, for the sake of a thought, of a light to help us along."

His last glimpse of her that day was as he left her at the door of the big shop where she said she would buy her Christmas presents. She was powdered with feathery flakes; and there was a little catch in her voice as she said good-bye; an echo of the moment that he remembered most vividly of all, the moment of real good-bye when they were without witnesses and when the spectre of a long weary separation rose between them chill and cruel. Then she had melted in his arms, clinging to him with little words of love. Her eyes were still shining, her cheeks were still flushed half an hour later when she turned from him and passed through the shop doors.

As for Helga it was her union with Clive and not her separation from him that nested like a singing bird in her happy heart. The thought of it turned everything golden. She walked here and there in the big shop dreaming and exalted. The business of choosing presents, paying for them and counting her change was phantasmal compared with the shining reality hidden and glowing within her. All through the afternoon it lighted her spirit and even her journey home through deep snow did not depress her. The suburban roads were covered with snow, white for her bridal and quiet for her thoughts. She walked slowly towards her home enjoying the peace.

But when she got to the house she found her mother in a state of anxiety about her and about Mr. Byrne, who had not come back from the City yet.

"I had no idea that you meant to be out the whole day," she said to Helga. "Did you shop in every quarter of London, then—north and south, east and west? You have had time. Your father is late too, and I am troubled about him."

Mrs. Byrne was sitting at the dining-room table and in front of her, carefully set out on a newspaper were two pairs of her husband's old boots. She had one in her hands and was looking at the patches on it, and the worn-out sole as she talked to Helga.

"I cannot persuade him to buy new ones," she said; "he will not spend the money, and I know those he is wearing to-day will let the snow in. He has got it into his head that Conrad's parents will recall him, and that we shall lose what he pays us. I wish I had never shown him Tante Malchen's letter."

"The best thing to do with her letters would be to burn them unread," said Helga.

"But what she says about Conrad's parents is probably true."

"Possibly; but as long as Conrad's parents allow him to live here and pay us so much a week they do all we ask of them. We shall never have further dealings with each other."

Mrs. Byrne looked at the daughter's young vivid face, still alight with the day's history, and changed in a way her mother perceived but could not interpret.

"I have been uneasy about you lately, Helga," she said slowly. "I have feared that your affections were engaged, here, or elsewhere. In the one case it could only bring sorrow to us all, but that you know as well as I do —in the other case——"

"Is Conrad the other case?"

"Naturally. For weeks I have seen that the young man was strongly attracted——"

"It is most unfortunate," said Helga.

"It is unthinkable that his parents will ever consent," said Mrs. Byrne.

"Then let us put it out of our minds. Why are you sitting in front of these old boots, Mummy?"

"They are all your father has except those he is wearing. I was wondering if he could possibly go to the office in one pair while his tidier ones are resoled. But I'm afraid they are impossible."

Helga helped her mother to examine the boots and consider the question. She did not see the sordid side of such difficulties, or feel the clash of them with the insubstantial joys and sorrows of the day. Her deep affection found expression in service, and she had no quarrel with the physical needs and weaknesses of life that fret some natures sorely, and lead them to think realities ugly and unclean. As she looked at the boots, worn with long marches taken in the quest for daily bread, she thought of her father's hard struggle against bad luck, and of his patience and unselfishness.

"I know what I'll do," she said impulsively, "I've not spent all my money. I'll take one of these for a pattern, and get him a new pair. I'll make them send up several pairs—to try on."

Mrs. Byrne looked doubtful. She thought Helga ought not to go out in the snow again. But she thought her husband might get his death of cold if he went out to-morrow in the miserable boots he would bring back to-night, or in these shreds and patches on the table. So Helga went, and at the end of the road met Conrad, who turned back with her. She did not desire his company, but she could not tell him so without being downright rude. He was an amiable and, in some directions, an intelligent young man, but socially he was not quick in the up-take. He discoursed eruditely of snow blindness till they got to the boot shop, but when she tried to send him home from there she failed. He went in and waited while she transacted her business. Then he trudged through the snow beside her again and talked of avalanches. It was not till they were half-way home that he said anything disturbing; but unfortunately snow and avalanches put Switzerland into his head, and Switzerland was where he meant to go for a wedding-journey. He asked Helga if she agreed with him, and whether she thought the Oberland or the Engadine would be most attractive.

"I would rather go to India," said Helga.

He seemed to take this answer as a personal rebuff, which Helga thought unusually quick of him. She had meant it for one.

"But you have never been to Switzerland," he said reproachfully. "India would be very expensive."

"I dare say; but when I build castles I don't count the cost."

"I was not building a castle. I was making a plan."

"When you address a letter, you put first the country, then the town, then the street."

"I don't follow you."

"It seems to me topsy-turvey to decide on a wedding journey before there is any talk of a wedding. However, I'll play the game, and choose India for mine."

"But suppose one married in summer," persisted Conrad. "It would be much too hot for India."

"Suppose one married in a snowstorm?" said Helga.

"I think June would be a pleasant month."

"I should like two weddings," said she, "one in a snowstorm and one on a midsummer day."

"If you say that to your first husband he will not be pleased," said Conrad, indignantly.

"Why not? My father and mother had two weddings. Every one has abroad. Surely you know that?"

"You mean the civil marriage. That is always either the day before the religious ceremony, or on the same day but a little earlier."

"I supose it need not be. I suppose you might have a civil marriage, and wait years for the religious one."

"That could only happen if the husband or wife objected to a religious ceremony, but became converted later, and wished for one."

Helga had ceased to pay attention. For some moments her eyes had been fixed on a figure trudging ahead of them through the snow. It was so bent, and old, and shabby, that she recognized it with a shock of compassion, and ran forward to join it as Conrad finished speaking.

"Dad," she said; and Mr. Byrne stopped and turned a little, waiting for the young people till they were abreast of him. He showed no surprise at seeing them out together at such an hour of the evening, and Helga guessed from his slow, heavy walk, that he was too tired and worn to think.

"Are you cold?" she said tenderly, slipping her arm through his.

"It is cold," said Mr. Byrne, and his teeth chattered when he spoke.

"Mummy has been anxious. You are later than usual."

"I did a stupid thing," said Mr. Byrne. "I went beyond my station."

"How far?"

"To Hampton Court—and I had to wait there for some time."

"How did it happen? Were you asleep?"

"No," said Mr. Byrne, "I was not asleep."

Then Conrad joined in, and gave instances of absence of mind. He did most of the talking till they reached home, and it was he who opened the door with his latch-key. Mr. Byrne was not asleep, but it seemed to Helga that he was not wide awake either. He looked heavy-eyed and ill.

(To be continued.)

GIL BLAS.

Walter Scott, who craved the beatitude—the word is his own—that would attend the perusal of another book as entrancing as "Gil Blas," was on the side of the untutored public which knows nothing of technical classifications or of M. Brunetières theory of the "évolution des genres." Lesage's great book, though scarcely answering to the exact technical definition of a picaresque novel—the biography of a *picaro* or rogue—belongs, nevertheless, by its external form, to the picaresque type of fiction; and Scott would cer-

tainly have admitted that its picaresqueness was very good of its kind; that it was, in fact, as picaresque as could be expected of a Frenchman who was conspicuously an "honnête homme" and who signed himself "bourgeois de Paris." But in all likelihood he would have instantly added that it was not the "picaresqueness" of "Gil Blas" which has given that production its fame; and that, if Lesage's masterpiece has lived so long, and if it lives to-day with such a fresh and abundant life, this constant appeal has been made in spite of its resemblance to the Spanish picaresque prototype.

The application of the scientific method to literary criticism during the last generation has steadily tended to define works of art as "documents" of their epoch, and at the same time to classify them according to their structural variations rather than to accept them wholly as sources of human pleasure. The novel of Lesage, for the purposes of classification, may be viewed as a picaresque novel, and it is interesting and legitimate to note that it is no doubt the best of its kind; yet there is equally little doubt that thousands of readers who do not know what the word "picaresque" means have for several generations regarded "Gil Blas" as simply the best of all novels, and that their reasons have been based on qualities quite independent of the mould into which it happened to be run. This is, in fact, the truth which these brief remarks are meant to set forth. In order to become a classic, and in order to hold its own among the books of the world, "Gil Blas" has had to live down its picaresqueness. The book has survived, and become one of the great books, notwithstanding the characteristics which seemed destined to confine it to the museum of antique literary forms.

Walter Scott's recognition of the supreme delightfulness of "Gil Blas" has not been general among the critics; indeed, the sense of its intrinsic value as a definition of life must rather be placed to the credit of the uncritical public. Voltaire, referring to Lesage in his "Siècle de Louis XIV," limits his praise to the remark: "His novel 'Gil Blas' has survived because of the naturalness of the style." The curtness and inadequacy of this remark are probably due rather to the fact that Voltaire did not see beyond the superficial traits of this novel, its general picaresque atmosphere, than, as has so often been asserted, to any malicious intent to decry a book in which he supposed himself to have been held up to ridicule.[1] Joubert, whose delicacy was a hothouse fruit grown in the thin subsoil and the devitalized air in which he was compelled to live, corroborates Voltaire, while revealing his own prejudices—after all, is not the main interest of criticism the light it throws upon the critic?—in a characteristic utterance: "Lesage's novels would appear to have been written in a café by a domino-player, after spending the evening at the play." Evidently this is a long way from the "beatitude" of Walter Scott, but it is nearer the point of view of Mr. Warner Allen, who,[2] while he notes that "Gil Blas" "has a conscience," is ingeniously effective in arguing that the spirit of "Gil Blas" is essentially picaresque—by which he means that realism and materialism are so predominantly its note that it must be classed well below "Don Quixote," where the heterogeneous picaresque material is beautifully fused by the imagination of an idealist. "It is just because Lesage ignores the idealistic side

[1] The traditional view is, however, plausible enough, as Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly has shown in his introduction to the edition of "Gil Blas" published in the "World's Classics." There can be no doubt as to Lesage having ridiculed Voltaire in two of his plays.

[2] In his remarkable general introduction to the Picaresque section of the "Library of Early Novelists," published by George Routledge and Sons.

of man," Mr. Allen says, "that 'Gil Blas' misses being a great creation." On the other hand, La Harpe, who had read many books, but was no doubt the very opposite of a scientific critic of literature, praises "Gil Blas" not merely, as did Scott, for its entertainment, its *agrément*, but also for its moral inspiration; *utile dulci*, he insists, ought to be the device of this excellent book, forgetting that Lesage has himself written the precept of Horace on its title-page. "C'est l'école du monde que 'Gil Blas,'" La Harpe continues; and he remarks with singular felicity that Lesage in "Gil Blas" "has not fallen into that gratuitous profusion of minute detail which is now-a-days taken to be truth." This comment suggests the probability that the reproach addressed to Lesage as to his lack of idealism is one that La Harpe would be disinclined to accept; and that they who make it have other standards for judging a work of art than those of the public to whom it is addressed, or indeed than those of the artist himself, especially such an artist as Lesage, who in his "Déclaration" to the reader says expressly: "My sole aim has been to represent life as it is"; "Je ne me suis proposé que de représenter la vie des hommes telle qu'elle est."

Certain of Lesage's predecessors had already declared it to be their aim to write books which should be a wholesome reaction against the romanticism of the tales of chivalry that had so long delighted the taste of Europe. The sub-title of Alemán's famous novel, "Guzmán de Alfarache," was "Atalaya de la Vida," which Chapelain translated by "Image" or "Miroir de la Vie Humaine." And long before Lesage, the author of "l'Histoire Comique de Francion" used almost the identical terms of Alemán and Lesage in announcing his tale: "Nous avons dessein de voir une image de la vie humaine, de sorte qu'il nous en faut montrer ici diverses pièces." Francion, less picaresque than the hero of Alemán, was undoubtedly what he has been called by one of Lesage's biographers, M. Lintilhac, a direct precursor of Gil Blas; and there can be no question as to the importance of the influence exercised upon Lesage by Charles Sorel's admirable performance. But, however easily even a little erudition can discover possible prototypes of "Gil Blas" in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century literature of both France and Spain—however picaresque, in a word, "Gil Blas" may be, and whatever else it may be—its picaresqueness was obviously, for Lesage, not an end in itself, but merely a device for carrying out his main project, which was "the representation of life"; and the meaning he put into those words was incomparably richer than was their connotation on the lips of an Alemán or even a Sorel. Lesage found ready to his hand one of the most convenient literary forms that the novel ever assumed for the achievement of the end he had in view. That end was to hold a mirror up to Nature, and to the whole of Nature.

This ambitious project has haunted most observers who have essayed the novel form. It was obviously the end and aim of the author of "Anna Karenina." But such is the complexity of human relations, such the variety of the kinds of human plights, such the swift passage of events, such are the endless differences and the fleeting character of the situations presented to the artistic consciousness at any moment of time, that only the most self-confident craftsman would be tempted, in his sane mind, to undertake their complete representation. The mirror in which a writer would seek to converge and to foreshorten the vast spectacle of things must needs be an all-but unmanageable revolving mirror of gigantic dimensions, unless some way be found of dispensing with su-

machinery altogether. Tolstoi made no attempt to achieve an artistic synthesis of life as a whole. He was content to map life out on a sort of Mercator's projection. Balzac despaired altogether of success, and confined himself to "doing" the multitudinous phases of human activity piecemeal. Lesage, on the other hand, hit on the happy idea of using the *picaro* type, the picaresque tradition in the novel, to facilitate his project. And what device, in fact, could be neater and more rapid? Certainly not the invention of Zola. The author of the series of the Rougon-Macquart set himself the task of describing the whole of French society at the end of the last century. He believed himself to have improved on Balzac's method by conceiving of a family-tree, with branches sufficiently wide-spreading to illustrate every kind of activity of which French men or French women were capable in his time. The unity of his result was to be secured by postulating a family, the sum of the several lives of whose members should be coterminous with the conscious existence of all their essential French fellow-types at a certain historical period. The plan was ingenious but artificially ingenuous.

Lesage, writing at the opening of the eighteenth century, had, it is true, the luck to be free to employ—or, in fact, to have thrust upon him by the literary taste of his time—a simpler trick for the representation of life. The literary air was full of picaresque odors. But, while Lesage came after Sorel and Alemán, and a score of other sane story-tellers eager to temper the bombast of the hour by the saving salt of realism, the living models that surrounded him were quite as suggestive as any he might have been led to imitate in the books of his predecessors. Lintilhac, Cherbuliez, Brunetière, have dwelt in detail on this fact. What need had Lesage of a Guzmán or a Francion, when before his very eyes were such conspicuous models for the study of the *valet parvenu* as the Cardinals Dubois and Alberoni? And why go farther afield than the memoirs of the famous Gourville, which appeared in 1673, if one really feels impelled at all costs to account for the origin of "Gil Blas," and to answer the futile question, "Where did Lesage get his idea?" That kind of inquiry explains everything except the essential. Homer and Shakespeare, Walter Scott and Corneille, have been put to the same torture as Lesage; and in the folds of their royal robes whole colonies of industrious parasitic moths are still furiously and often enviously at work. There is a "Lesage question" as there is an "Homeric question." But of this the public recks little. It sanely holds the view of M. de Maurepas, who wittily defined an author as "un homme qui prend aux livres tout ce qui lui passe par la tête." The public rightly judges the work of art by the criterion of pleasure which it is capable of giving. By that standard "Gil Blas" was long ago classed among the delightful books of the world. How many of its beauties are plagiarisms, or whether any of them are, are inquiries which the wise are content to leave to the mandarins of literature.[3]

The representation of life, then, is the avowed object of Lesage. "Gil Blas" is a microcosm. One might apply to Lesage the words of Balzac in allusion to the *Comédie Humaine:* "J'aurai porté une société toute entière dans ma tête." "Gil Blas" is a picture, singularly vivid and comprehensive, of the society of

[3] While the oft-reported story of the pillage by Lesage of a lost Spanish manuscript is a myth, it is incontestable that in the last books of "Gil Blas" he embodied long passages from a French translation of two Italian pamphlets on "The Disgrace of Count Olivares," and from a book published in 1688 at Cologne entitled, "Le Ministre Parfait ou le Comte-Duc." It is easy to prove also that Lesage had read Lazarillo de Tormes and a great many Spanish tales and plays; but, as M. Lintilhac says, so had Corneille, yet the "Cid" remains the "Cid."

France at the close of the reign of Louis XIV and at the beginning of the Regency. Lesage, like St. Simon, sought to reflect the life of his time; but he is greater than St. Simon because of the larger general interest and significance of his literary form. Lesage was a gentleman, serenely, gaily taking notes on the world that surrounded him; but, as it pleased him to publish all his notes in his own lifetime, he adopted the novel form and the device of a Spanish atmosphere. Happily the society that surrounded Lesage in the Paris of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries was sufficiently complex and representative for an exhaustive picture of that world to assume a typical value.

"Gil Blas" is an encyclopædia of human types. No other single book contains so rich a collection of specimens of the *genus homo*. The success with which Lesage has introduced into "Gil Blas" virtually every form of human character, all sorts and conditions of men, is one of the miracles of literary art. The purely traditional *picaro* types, the vagabond and the beggar, the unscrupulous highwayman and the cut-throat, have, after all, comparatively small importance in the great comedy of life which Lesage depicts. These *picaro* types move in and out of the vast throng peopling his pages much as their counterparts in the flesh, the Apaches of the Marais quarter, jostled on the Pont Neuf the honest workman, the country bumpkin, the banker Turcaret, the bourgeois merchant, the strutting soldier, the barefoot monk, the daintily stepping *petits maitres*, the authors and the actors, the ministers and the high officials, the servants and the adventurers, the priests, and the *précieuses* peering from their *vinaigrettes*. From the brigand cave that sheltered the jail-bird to the drawing-room of the Marquise de Chaves, from the boudoir of the enticing Laure to the cabinet of the Duke of Olivares, we visit every haunt of human activity and every social condition, conversing on the way with comedians, doctors, poets, lawyers, statesmen, valets, judges of the Inquisition, shopkeepers, courtesans, archbishops, and countless other actors of the Human Comedy. The final impression is that we have been in contact with the whole of life and with life as a whole.

We have witnessed the amusing spectacle arm-in-arm with Gil Blas de Santillane, a puppet of circumstance, but the most good-natured of companions. No youth of sprightlier wit, of keener observation, or of more unfailing good humor was ever born of mortal man or immortal writer. Gil Blas is too agreeable a fellow for us to dream of parting company with him merely because of his escapades. Moreover, no one was ever long in his company without discovering that the first-fruit of his innate gift of observation is a habit of reflection gradually conducting him to the point of view of the great American pragmatist. For Gil Blas, as for Franklin, whatever else honesty may be, it is at all events the best policy. His ambition "to get on," to succeed, is not the ambition of a Julien Sorel. He is not ready and willing to succeed at any price. He would not say cynically with Marie-Caroline of Naples: "je vois trop que la force seule compte et que la bonne foi ne sert qu'à être dupe." (Letter to the Marquis de Gallo, July 2, 1800.) In the case of Gil Blas, the habit of reflection has engendered a conscience, As he grows older in experience, the practical promptings of that conscience tend to arrest many an impulse to indulge his petty vices and to reinforce the virtues which he is prudent enough to regard as useful. His efforts to better his lot, while they bring to the fore his harmless vanity, and often in-

deed a certain less agreeable snobbishness, are after all to his credit. He is the first to laugh at his own mistakes, as he is the first to learn the lesson of his blunders. Here is a characteristic utterance of his:

I let myself go with the current for three weeks. I gave myself up to every form of voluptuous pleasure. But I will say at the same time that in the midst of it all a sense of remorse often mingled bitterness with my delight. Debauch did not stifle this remorse; my remorse increased, on the contrary, in proportion as I became more and more of a debauchee; and, as a result of my fortunately honest nature, the disorder of the theatrical life began to strike me with horror. Ah, wretch that you are, I said to myself, is it thus that you are fulfilling the expectations of your family? Is it impossible, merely because you are a servant, to be an honest man? Do you really find it worth while to live with such a vicious crew? Envy, anger and avarice dominate some of them; modesty is unknown to others. Some have given themselves up to intemperance and idleness, while in others pride has become insolence. Enough of this! I will dwell no longer with the seven deadly sins.

From all that we know of Lesage himself, as well as from a comparison of "Gil Blas" with the author's other works, it seems legitimate to conclude that the good humor of his most famous hero is merely the expression of his own philosophic gaiety, at all events of his own disabused placidity, his *bourgeois* moderation and practical sense, his bias toward taking things easily. Life, when viewed at the angle adopted by Lesage, is an endless series of comic situations of a highly diverting and edifying character. Many of its conventions, which are nurtured on hypocrisy and snobbery, form a constant object of his good-humored raillery, just as they form the subject-matter of the comic verve of his great master, Molière. Both have the most refreshing sense of values and an unimpeachable intellectual honesty.

The most comic incidents of the tale are the series of rebuffs experienced by Lesage's naive hero before he finally reaches the point where discretion becomes a second nature. With what touching and respectful candor does Gil Blas fall a prey to the pretensions and foibles of the great! Note the art with which Lesage, by juxtaposing his hero with, for instance, an Archbishop of Granada, shows the vain prelate so enamored of his own productions as to suffer no honest criticism from even the most disinterested of his acolytes. First cajoled by flattery, then infuriated by the naive frankness of Gil Blas, whose opinion he had solicited, he shows the rash youth the door; and Gil Blas returns once again to his life of adventure. It is his rich fund of good sense that saves him here as throughout his career, and that keeps his judgment sane and his heart true amid all the eccentricities and affectations and passing passions, and even the temptations, which surround and beset him during his checkered years. This jolly easy-going boon companion is a long time learning to be canny, but he is never really a fool. He comes out ultimately the poorer for the loss of a good many illusions, but profoundly convinced that straightforwardness in human relations is as desirable a good as simplicity in art.

Watch him with his friend Fabrice, turned writer *à la mode*, after having been the astute lackey who early in life defined with such cold-blooded cynicism the ideals of a servant:

le métier de laquais est impossible, je l'avoue, pour un imbécile; mais il a des charmes pour un garçon d'esprit. Un génie supérieur qui se met en condition ne fait pas son service matériellement comme un nigaud. Il entre dans une maison pour commander plutôt que

pour servir. Il commence par étudier son maître, il se prête à ses défauts, gagne sa confiance et le mène ensuite par le nez.

Fabrice, seized by "la rage d'écrire," as Gil Blas calls it, and convinced that he has in him the stuff of a great writer, ignores the sage advice of his employer who has warned him that poetry is not all beer and skittles, and comes up to Madrid, the centre of "les beaux esprits," "in order to form his taste." He falls under the influence of one of the leaders in a log-rolling literary set, and so adroitly imitates the fashion of the hour that he is regarded as one of the cleverest writers of the younger generation. He and Gil Blas meet, after many years, over a bottle of wine; and Fabrice reads to his friend a sonnet which Gil Blas finds absurdly obscure. "A poet capable of producing such rubbish as that," he says, "can deceive only his time;" and he adds, "your sonnet is merely pompous nonsense." The tortured, involved, affected style disgusts Gil Blas as such a style always disgusted Lesage, whose one ambition was to be an "écrivain naturel qui parle comme le commun des hommes," and who detested "le langage précieux" which the great ladies and certain wits of his time took to be the mark of genius and a password for immortality. Fabrice becomes angry. "Tu n'es qu'une bête avec ton style naturel," he exclaims; and he maliciously reminds Gil Blas of what befell him with the Archbishop of Granada. The allusion makes the two old friends laugh, and they finish the evening over a third bottle.

Yes, Gil Blas, who is a kind of joyous jack-of-all-trades, capable, as Fabrice on another occasion puts it, of fulfilling all kinds of employment, since he possesses "l'outil universel," is interesting and sympathetic quite as much because of his sound sense and ready wit as because of his amusing adventures. But this good sense and this wit, it should be remembered, are the fruits of his experience. Gil Blas's character is slowly formed by life under the reader's eye. Successively the dupe of the habits and the manners, the prejudices and the ideals of each social condition which he traverses in his advance towards the stable equilibrium of middle age, he is too intelligent ever to remain dazzled by his surroundings for more than a brief period. You constantly hear him, after each fresh round with Fate, saying in his natural French way: "Ca n'est pas ça; there must be something better than that in store for me!" Even the seduction of life at Court ceases eventually to charm him; and one of his most poignant regrets is the fact that he had forgotten under that corrupting influence his father and mother and the old canon, his uncle. He does his best later on to make amends for this neglect. On his way to his country place at Lirais he is suddenly filled with remorse, and he turns aside towards Oviedo, where his parents live. His own dream now is to watch over their last years; and he looks forward, on arriving home, to inscribing in gold letters on the door of his father's house the Latin verses:

Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna, valete!
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios!

Alas! it is almost too late, for he arrives just in time to bury his father. He had previously entered the country inn, where he had been recognized by the inn-keeper with lively joy. "By Saint Anthony of Padua," his host had exclaimed, "here is the son of the good Blas de Santillane"; and his wife had chimed in with, "Why, yes, so it is. Oh, I recognize him. He is hardly changed. It's that wide-awake little Gil Blas who had more intelligence than inches. I can still see him drop-

ping in here for a bottle of wine for his uncle's supper." Gil Blas has changed, nevertheless. Fabrice is too keen not to perceive it some time afterwards when Gil Blas visits him at the hospital. Fabrice remarks upon his modest bearing and observes: "You haven't the vain and insolent air that prosperity is wont to give." Gil Blas explains the reason why: "Les disgraces ont purifié ma vertu; et j'ai appris à l'école de l'adversité à jouir des richesses sans m'en laisser posséder." He is now and then to be a backslider still, but we know that he has learned the essential lesson of life. Really, as the Italians say, "Il tempo è galantuomo."

The rapidity of the narrative enhances the effect of optimism which is so inspiriting throughout the whole book. The transitions from the episodes of bad luck to those of good fortune take place, as Smollett has already pointed out, so suddenly that the reader positively has no time to pity Gil Blas. He is speedily inspired with a firm confidence in Lesage's ingenuity, which somehow manages to extricate his hero from every possible embarrassment. Lesage's point of view, as an observer of life, is thus quickly revealed to be a lively sense of life's chronic succession of ups and downs, and of the merely relative importance of its plights. When Gil Blas loses his place with Count Galiano, he remarks:

I began to lose courage when I found myself back again in so miserable a case. I had grown accustomed to the conveniences of existence, and I could no longer, as before, regard indigence with cynicism. Yet I will confess I was wrong to indulge in sadness after having so many times discovered that no sooner had Fortune upset me than it put me on my feet again.

Lesage accepts the stoical ideal of patience in adversity, but he does not accept it in the stoical way. His philosophy is the Christian belief in a Providence upon whom sane mortals may serenely rely. Providence, he knows, can be counted upon to hold the balance true on that Day of Judgment, when all human things will be set right, and when there will be a startling reversal of human verdicts. Convinced, like Bishop Butler, that things will be as they will be, his experience of life has taught him that the best philosophy is to bide one's time, all one's *antennæ* out. For Lesage the logical result of having been frequently a fool is to cease being a dupe.

It would be possible and amusing to draw a parallel in this connection between the philosophy of Lesage and that of an even more successful French playwright of the present day, M. Alfred Capus—who has not yet, however, written a "Gil Blas"—and to contrast the manner of the two with that of Beyle in his characterization of Julien Sorel. Gil Blas is too often, if you like, a genial rascal, as are so many of M. Capus's heroes, but he is never an odiously cynical one like his servant Scipion, and like Julien. While Lesage could say with Philinte, discreetly blaming the vices of mankind:

Je prends tout doucement les hommes
comme ils sont,
J'accoutume mon âme à souffrir ce
qu'ils font . . .
Oui, je vois ces défauts dont votre âme
murmure
Comme vices unis à l'humaine nature,
Et mon esprit enfin n'est pas plus offensé
De voir un homme fourbe, injuste, intéressé,
Que de voir des vautours affamés de
carnage,
Des singes malfaisants et des loups
pleins de rage,

Beyle did not confine himself to "accustoming his soul to suffer" the enormities that men commit, but positively

created in Julien Sorel an unscrupulous professor of energy whom he would appear to have regarded as an excellent model. Lesage, on the other hand, must be looked upon as a moralist; a moralist indulgent, no doubt —such indulgence was the finest flower of his inexhaustible knowledge of life— yet a moralist in the same sense in which Shakespeare and Molière are moralists. Moreover, Lesage has no cynical bias forcing him to confine the subject-matter of his novel to such naturalistic notations as were the stock-in-trade of the Goncourts and, to a large extent, of Zola.

He had notably no such bias, either "cynical" or "moral," as has wittingly altered the reports of so many British observers of life, who have regarded the pursuit of literature as a mission, to be accepted with a high and strenuous purpose, for the improvement of their fellows. Thus, even a Thackeray wrote first and foremost for edification. In a recently published letter to his friend Robert Hall, Thackeray refers as follows to "Vanity Fair":

I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story— we ought all to be with our own and all other stories. Good God! don't I see (in that maybe cracked and warped looking-glass in which I am always looking) my own weaknesses, wickednesses, lusts, follies, shortcomings? in company, let us hope, with better qualities about which we will pretermit discourse. We must lift up our voices about these and howl to a congregation of fools: so much, at least, has been my endeavor. (The Times, July 17, 1911).

The idea of "howling to a congregation of fools" would have struck Lesage as a counsel of impertinent ill-breeding, or, at all events, as a grotesque attitude for a self-respecting novelist. Of course, Thackeray was in the tradition of a literature which counts among its chief masterpieces the "Pilgrim's Progress"; but if the Puritan point of view is good sociology and good Tolstoism, it is not necessarily for that reason good art; and it would even seem to make "good art" a more difficult achievement. In the great book just mentioned there is no laugh of Tom Jones to clear the air. Thackeray would have seemed, indeed, in "Vanity Fair" to have been more of an artist than his pamphleteering preoccupations appeared likely to allow him to become. He himself states his object in that book to have been to indicate in cheerful terms that we are for the most part an abominably foolish and selfish people. Incorrigible misanthropist, he sets out to draw up a savage indictment of the society of his time. He is cheerful, as cheerful as he knows how to be; but, as he has resolved to give no one in his book a chance, his cheerfulness fails to produce all its intended effect. Finally, one and all, even Amelia, are branded because foredoomed. But what is the result? Gibbeted for an example, they inspire more pity than horror; and not only does all our sympathy go out to them against the despotic heartlessness of the author, who so unfairly nailed them to the cross, but we fail even to draw the whole of the useful general moral which Thackeray holds to be essential. Thus Thackeray upsets even his own ends; anxious, by the confessed clarion-toned morality of his appeal, to produce the effect aimed at by a prophet in Israel, he nevertheless inspires in his reader a quick and sane recoil before the arbitrary injustice, or, at all events, the incredibility of the author's misanthropy. In literary art, in fact, the only way to convey the illusion of reality is to tell the average truth about the average man.

Lesage, like the Tolstoi of the good period, had the tact and good sense to perceive this. He does not make the unscientific and inartistic blunder of

humiliating his heroes. Like a Balzac or a Tolstoi or a Henry James, he gives them their full value, takes them for all they are worth. The pretension that naturalism, because superficially true to a certain aspect of life, is realism in the complete sense of the word, is a view which Lesage in "Gil Blas" triumphantly repudiates; and he differs from many playwrights of contemporary France, who appear to be so enamored of caddishness as to regard its manifestations as pre-eminently worthy of presentation in the novel or on the stage. One of the ablest of Lesage's commentators has called him the Homer of naturalism; no neater phrase could be found to define his importance and his manner.

Nor is it the fault of Lesage if his immediate influence upon the literature of his time was perhaps not wholly what he would himself have wished it to be. It is a commonplace to note that Lesage helped to prepare in France that eighteenth century with which he was in so many respects out of sympathy. There was a whole side of Lesage that was out of touch with the modern world surrounding him. M. Faguet seems to me absolutely right as to this point. The spirit, the attitude of Lesage are seventeenth-century—for, after all, the seventeenth century was realist while so eminently moralist; he believes in the superiority of the clear old form of expression; he abominates an affected style; he prefers natural utterance that everybody can understand to individual experiments in ingenious phraseology. Moreover, while not at all the conscious moralist, he is a moralist all the same; he has a certain generalizing habit, the liking for large vistas, harmonious inclusive ranges of thought; his thought-scapes have the perfection and the proportions of a garden by Le Nôtre. But it is nevertheless certain that the immense success of Lesage as a realist, the fact that he made realism look so easy, constituted a terrible incentive to imitation; and that, as a matter of fact, his example was just one of those which no writer could afford to follow who had not his marvellous good sense and his mental and moral poise. Without such moral balance and such good sense the would-be realist is almost certain to become addicted to the grosser forms of naturalism, to exercise, that is, his faculty of clear vision on special salient and picturesque, even salacious and perverse cases, rather than upon the types of the average world with which average men are familiar. Thus there can be no doubt that Lesage's unconcern for positive edification, his indifference to matters of conscience, was a trait of the eighteenth century, and a trait for which he may to a certain extent be held responsible. It was inevitable that he should find imitators, and that, in this sense, he may be said to open the way to a Crébillon *fils* and a Laclos, even to a Louvet, for whom he would have refused to be responsible, and to prepare an eighteenth century with which there is every reason to suppose he would have become utterly out of sympathy, not merely as a man, but as an artist in letters.

It remains to consider "Gil Blas" as a work of literary art. In style it is one of the most perfect examples of narrative prose in the world, comparable for limpidity, ease, and precision, with that of Cervantes in "Don Quixote." With regard to its composition, it is noticeable that the novel begins at the same pitch of calm lucidity which is to characterize it to the end. The reader feels that the promise of the author in his "Declaration," "I have merely undertaken to represent life as it is," is likely to be kept. Lesage speaks with authority. The artists who inspire confidence with their very first stroke are not numerous. They belong to the aristocracy of the mas-

ters. What do such certainty and distinction imply? They mean that the product is the fruit of a mature intelligence; that the artist, be he sculptor, writer, or painter, has not undertaken to express until his mind is, as we say, thoroughly made up as to the nature of its content, nor until he is serenely master of the means at his disposal; that, in a word, he knows his business. In the case of Lesage it is peculiarly significant that, when he published the first part of "Gil Blas" in 1715, he was already forty-seven years of age; that the second part did not appear until 1724, nine years later; and that he was already an old gentleman with a family of boys, one of whom had entered the Church, when he ended his lifework, by the publication of the third part, in 1735. "Gil Blas," in short, is the product of the maturity of one of the keenest observers that ever looked out upon the spectacle of things. The broad good-humored gaiety of the earlier book, which vibrates with a picaresque lilt, is shaded gradually down, in the second volume, into a finer, serener, more intellectual irony. This change betrays the natural evolution in the author's interests and curiosities during the period reaching from his forty-seventh to his sixty-seventh year. The gaiety of the six books of the first part is to be contrasted with the soberer, more reflective spirit of the tale as it proceeds. We seem to be suiting our pace to the increasingly graver temper of a man whose knowledge of life has become richer, his insight keener, his heart more tolerant and generous. With the steady elimination of the picaresque element the novel becomes more and more an inclusive criticism of life. The author seems to be brooding over his pages with a tenderer care, as if he were more and more conscious of the significance, the magnificence even, of his task.

It is one of the results of this long gestation that "Gil Blas" has become a book of world-wide popularity. In the history of letters it has been an inexhaustible source of energy. It inspired the realistic novel. From Smollett and Marivaux to Dickens and Zola, and even to an Anatole France and to a Pio Baroja, Lesage has been the avowed or unavowed model of those writers who have been passionately enamored of life, and irrepressibly compelled to express it. The influence of Lesage on the author, for instance, of "Le Rouge et le Noir" and of "La Chartreuse de Parme"—perhaps particularly on the Stendhal of the "Chartreuse de Parme"—seems incontestable. In August 1804, Beyle, writing to his sister Pauline, recommends her to read "Gil Blas" in order to learn to know the world, and cites the famous anecdote of the Archbishop of Granada's sermons. In April 1805, he promises to bring her the book. In another undated letter to his sister, Beyle writes: "the most accurate picture of human nature as it is, in the France of the eighteenth century, is still the book of Lesage, 'Gil Blas.' Meditate well this excellent work." And finally, in his Journal, under the date of "10 Floréal, an xiii, 1805," Beyle notes his intention to cure himself of romanticism, and to learn to judge men as they are, by rereading a certain number of books, among which he mentions Beaumarchais, the tales and "La Pucelle" of Voltaire, Chamfort, and "Gil Blas." That is to say, at the most impressionable period of his intellectual life Beyle read and re-read "Gil Blas"; a fact which a discerning critic might easily guess, as to the truth of which, indeed, such a critic would feel an absolute conviction, and which the documents cited appear to leave beyond a doubt. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to pretend that but for "Gil Blas," Beyle would not have been Stendhal; but I may be permitted to

quote the following passage from a private letter of M. Paul Arbelet, the editor of Stendhal's "Journal d'Italie":

Votre hypothèse me paraît très séduisante. Il y a sans aucume doute quelque parenté intellectuelle entre Lesage et Stendhal, tous deux curieux d'observation morale, tous deux juges sans illusions des faiblesses humaines, mais point misanthropes, car ils s'indignent peu des vices ou des ridicules, qui les amusent plutôt ou les intéressent. D'ailleurs l'un et l'autre manquent d'imagination et de poésie. Je comprends donc très bien que vous ayez eu l'idée d'une influence de Lesage sur Stendhal.

Furthermore, while Lesage is all this, the fountain-head of a great literary current, he is at the same time, as a moralist, in the sanest Latin and French tradition, that which is marked, in successive epochs, by the serene temper of a Horace, by the gay science, the pantagruelism of a Rabelais, by the irony of a Beaumarchais, who "se hâta de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer,' and finally by the tranquil mansuetude of a Renan: observers, one and all, who, after having told the towers of all the citadels of science, became amusedly aware that the only really absolute truth in the world is that all things are relative.

Wm. Morton Fullerton.

The Quarterly Review.

EAST AND WEST: A STUDY OF DIFFERENCES.

Those who have spent an April—as one April at least should be spent—where the olive-clad hills of Corfu rise in silver-green foliage from a sea of silver-blue, have close at hand a striking illustration of the differences that divide the East from the West. Across the narrow straits that lie between them and the mainland towers the mountain chain of Albania, rising into snow-fields above the sparkling sea-line—a brilliant drop-scene, as it were, through which one passes from the manners of Europe to those of Asia. In an hour or two one may cross into Turkish territory and wonder at the causes which hold fast-bound in poverty and squalor places which in reason should be comfortable and progressive. The contrast is all the more striking since modern Greece stands by no means in the van of European progress. The Corfiotes can pass their time easily in idleness: they are exceedingly poor: they are very superstitious, and they take little thought for the drainage of their streets. Yet amongst them one is in Europe. There are roads, schools, and hospitals. Trade is fostered by an efficient harbor service. Western standards of comfort and display are accepted as desirable. The meanest householder endeavors to present himself, his children, and his house in decency to the world; and of evenings, emerging from poor little houses, and stepping delicately over the abominations of the street drains, you may see fashionably dressed young women set out for their stroll along the esplanade. Across the straits one is in a different atmosphere. Valona, possessing the finest harbor on the southern Adriatic, Durazzo (Dyrrhachium), with its distinguished memories of classical days, are but mean little Oriental bazaars, their shops untidy, open-fronted, tin-roofed shanties, their streets impossible for wheeled traffic, their wharves grass-grown, and well-nigh deserted. They are as Athens was before she was set free from Oriental fetters. Everywhere there is apparent the disregard of comfort and

of neatness which characterizes the East. What is the cause of this surprising indifference to the ideals of Europe? Clearly nothing that is peculiar to the coast-line of Albania. At Constantinople itself, at Damascus—and, save in so far as the Government intervenes, at Calcutta—the conditions of life are essentially similar.

The West is Christian, and one is tempted to conclude that it owes to Christianity its solicitude for material well-being. Cross from Albania into Christian Montenegro, and you will find a notable change. The country is surely one of the bleakest in which mankind has ever striven to find a livelihood—a wilderness of naked limestone mountains, pitted here and there by little oases of cultivation which have in great measure been won by actually excavating the rock. The people are exceedingly poor. Yet in all their poverty they appreciate European standards of comfort and neatness, and make such endeavors as they can to conform to them. If they are still behind their neighbors in Dalmatia it is from lack of means, not of will. Crossing the border between Islam and Christianity, we pass from an Eastern to a Western environment. Must not Christianity be the cause of the difference? In truth this cannot be. There is nothing in the teaching of the Gospels, or of the Church, that urges the importance of industry and enterprise in the accumulation of comforts. The sayings of Our Lord tend indeed entirely the other way, and the highest ideals of the Roman Church have for centuries been represented by the celibate monk, not the man of business. In no Oriental teaching is the worthlessness of this life's consolations insisted upon more strongly than in texts that are set before Christians from childhood upwards. And there is a more practical argument, drawn not from the nature of things, but from their actual course. Christian communities that are Oriental by birth have no higher standard of comfort than the non-Christian people around them: the Copts of Egypt, the Nestorians of India, have exhibited no specialties in material progress. The Montenegrins copy the fashions of Europe not because they are Christians, but because they feel that, as Christians, they belong to the family of Europe. Whatever it be that makes the West strive to be clean and comfortable while the East is contented in shiftless squalor, it is certainly not to be discovered in their religious environment.

The difference, it is clear, lies very deep, and must represent a fundamental difference in the conception of what makes life worth having. The East and the West both desire happiness. But they differ in their notions of the circumstances which conduce to it. We associate happiness with material well-being, and endeavor, successfully or unsuccessfully, to attain it by the accumulation of possessions, and the gratification of physical, intellectual, and artistic tastes. The Oriental looks for happiness in the mind rather than in the body, and believes that the highest satisfaction which man can hope to attain is derived from the gratification of feelings of personal dignity. He holds, in fact, that life's greatest joy is to feel oneself respected and admired: in his opinion this surpasses the pleasures that are given either by wealth or by excitement. He is not, of course, peculiar in appreciating the esteem of others. The love of approbation, of admiration, is by no means limited to human nature in the East; it is common to all men, and is probably shared by them with the higher gregarious animals. Which of us will not admit the electrifying thrill of social success, or is not soothed by the balm that is shed by the confidence, the respect, or the love of others? In-

deed this feeling lies at the root of aspirations to which modern democratic society owes some of its most successful politicians. But, in the West, this craving for repute, though contributing to the mainspring of human action, is linked with other desires, and becomes of subsidiary importance. We desire comfort; we appreciate the refinements of luxury and the charm of excitement. To this complication of aim we owe the complicated nature of modern civilization. In the East life is simpler because its ambitions are simpler. Man is satisfied with himself, if he can keep himself in dignity and in honor: possessing these, he rates but lightly the possessions and pleasures which the world can offer him.

Lord Mayo is said to have acutely observed that India was ruined by *izzat*, *insáf*, and *ikbál*—that is to say, by a craving for dignity, for justice, and for patronage. An Indian has more confidence in the assistance of a patron than in any efforts of his own, and thankfully accepts the position of clientship: in litigating for what appears to be justice he will spend his last rupee; but his most notable characteristic is his solicitude for his dignity. In India the word "izzat" is in every mouth. Compared with his dignity, to an Indian nothing is of account: a personal slight which to us appears trifling is reckoned on all sides as a most serious injury: it will breed lifelong enmity: it will break up the most zealous associations: it commonly lies in the background of criminal accusations. To an Oriental the dignity of man appears to be as precious as the chastity of woman. There are few things which rank beside it. Indian princes may listen unmoved to arguments in favor of improving their administration: but are seldom unconvinced by the offer of an increase in the number of guns with which they are entitled to be saluted. The preservation of dignity is almost the chief object of life. Manners must be courtly and reserved: gait must be slow and restrained: violent games have till quite recently been condemned as undignified, unless they are connected with martial exercises or hunting. Respect that is due to oneself must be carefully rendered when due to others. Travelling by night, on one occasion, I had two Indian gentlemen as my companions in the railway carriage. There were but three sleeping-berths, and when they entered my office-box was upon one of them. I took it off and set it on the floor. The gentleman for whom I made room energetically protested: there was ample room for himself and for the box. I insisted. But as soon as he believed I was asleep, he got up, replaced the box, and lay, crouching uncomfortably, in the space it left for him. This scrupulous regard for feelings, whether of oneself or of others, capable though it be of such eccentric exaggeration, has rendered Oriental manners a pattern for mankind.

In the East service must be left to servants. A nobleman carrying his own handbag is almost unthinkable. Englishmen who are resident in India cannot resist this infection, and, attended by retinues of servants, slip into domestic helplessness. In truth they cannot help themselves, for the servant has a dignity as tender as his master's, and it will not permit him to undertake more than one domestic office. Dignity may be won by generosity, by courage, by learning, or by holiness: and, in the East as in the West, its pursuit has led man on to a plane high above his sensual inclinations. It is given by status, whether hereditary or in office under the Government, and State employ, however ill-paid, possesses attractions with which prospects in commerce or industry can hardly compete. But these avenues to honor are

not open to the multitude, and the universal desire for respect is satisfied by the organization of society in response to the prevailing sentiment. Family life is of the patriarchal type: a man throughout his life is lord of his sons and responsible for keeping them. And in India the caste system provides the humblest member of society with a definite status, and attaches him to a circle in which he feels himself of some account. But, from the economic point of view, the most important result of this habit of mind is the enormous expenditure it occasions in the maintenance of dependents, who live in a man's house, receive food at his hands, and offer him in requital their morning salutations. Not merely does a householder accept without murmur the idle dependence of grown-up sons: he supports sons-in-law, widowed sisters and daughters with their families, and even distant cousins, with no sense of grievance. No sooner does a man rise in the world than a host of relations and connections cling to his skirts, expecting not merely patronage but maintenance in return for nothing but their respectful clientship. All this, it may be said, illustrates the abounding charity of the East. True; but we may be sure that this charity would not be so wide and undiscriminating were there in competition with it the Western desire for increased comfort, and larger possessions. The distinctive feature of the Oriental habit of mind is that this desire possesses little of the strength which it has acquired in Europe. The richest men live under conditions which an English artisan would despise. They have not learnt the convenience of chairs and tables, of knives and forks, or of glass and crockery: their food is a monotonous repetition of the simplest dishes: they have practically no amusements. A man with surplus income hoards it if he does not spend it upon others. For centuries India has been absorbing treasure from Europe, burying what is not spent upon subsistence. She banks under ground, and we may almost regard the country as pitted with receptacles for gold and silver. The only clue we obtain to the extent of these unutilized resources is the surprisingly large amounts which are from time to time extracted by dacoities.

These remarks, it should be observed, require at the present day some qualification. Things are changing, and in the large towns at all events there is a growing appreciation of Western habits. But in the main it is still true that the East values dignity far higher than comfort. Until this feeling changes we cannot look for rapid industrial development. It is the consumer who supports the workman, not the capitalist who finances him.

It is not so very far back, one may say, that this description would apply pretty nearly to Europe. This is so; but we have travelled very far since then. Dignity, in the Oriental sense, has lost its attractiveness: indeed, its assumption is held to verge upon the ridiculous. Men search for happiness in more practical directions, and desire the control of things rather than of other men's feelings. The ideals are comfort and amusement—that is to say, riches—and the most general desire is to add to one's possessions. In order to satisfy this desire—that is to say, to manufacture and sell desirable possessions—society has been reorganized upon an industrial basis, a revolution which has been assisted by the discoveries of science, and a growing appreciation of man's power over Nature. In the East labor is organized for service: in the West for production. The ultimate effect of both systems is the same—the distribution of subsistence to members of the community—and under both systems the lowest class of

the community receives little beyond the bare necessities of life. But in the East, where material possessions are not in great request, labor receives its remuneration more or less directly. In return for services, real or sentimental, men with means give to men without means the necessities they require. In the West the desire for material possessions has developed a highly complicated organization in which skill and intelligence are rewarded not merely by the receipt of subsistence, but, so to speak, by the usufruct of subsistence which is ultimately to reach the hands of others. The men with means—that is to say, the purchasers of commodities—hand over to those from whom they make their purchases the subsistence not only of these latter, but of multitudes who are connected with or subordinated to them; and, in the form of further purchases, the payment filters down from hand to hand. Each retains so much as is needed for his own support and passes on the balance—by making purchases or payments for services until finally an irreducible balance reaches the lowest stratum of the community. In the West, as in the East, the organization of society leaves vast numbers of people in a state of the narrowest poverty. But in the West a larger proportion of the people have the handling of subsistence which is ultimately destined for others, and are remunerated thereby for their skill or energy. An artisan, for instance, receiving 3*l.* a week, requires, let us say, only half this amount for the subsistence of himself and his family: he passes on the balance in purchases, but is, of course, the richer for his purchases. An Indian and an Englishman, each with 100*l.* to spare, spend it, the one in maintaining a retinue of ill-paid servants, the other in the purchase of furniture for his house. The Indian has nothing to show for his money: he has merely supported a number of people. The Englishman has gained a substantial return in the furniture. But he has accomplished much more. The price of the furniture, as it gradually filtered down from the upholsterer, through the manufacturer, and his artisans, to the laborers who produced or transported the raw materials, has assisted to provide, not merely subsistence for the laborers, but an adequate remuneration for those higher up the scale. They have, as already stated, passed on the subsistence which they did not require. But they have passed it on in exchange for articles that they purchased with it, and are so much the better off by the transaction. The stream of subsistence, which in the East may be likened to the flowing of a number of small runnels, in the West falls, as it were, through a series of sieves. But this complicated arrangement, with the rewards that it offers to industrial proficiency, ultimately rests upon a fashion or mode of human desire—the general wish to secure comfort and amusement, and the general willingness to spend resources in acquiring them. Were a desire to purchase non-existent, vain would be the efforts of capital to establish manufacture. In the East the desire is still undeveloped: comfort, possessions, and the refinements of luxury are there much less attractive—and this appears to be the fundamental reason for the striking difference between East and West.

Few general statements concerning humanity are universally true. As there are still in the West men who set their dignity before all things, so there is in the East a limited but growing desire for possessions. There are, and always have been, some manufactures in the most backward of Oriental countries, and the great development of the cotton-mill industry in India during the past half-century proves that, in respect to dress at all events, the peo-

ple are gaining some material ambitions. But as a general proposition it may still be correctly stated that the East and the West have different goals of happiness, and that the former sets small store upon that which to the latter makes life worth living.

To assert that in the West dignity has lost its attractiveness is, it may be objected, altogether out of accord with the most prominent fact in modern social development—the growing consciousness amongst the masses of a feeling of self-respect—a feeling which has wrought wonders in uplifting their standard of conduct, and which, prompting them to demand a voice in the government, lies at the root of latter-day democracy. But this sentiment has really little in common with the Oriental's solicitude for his dignity. It is in the main self-regarding, and depends comparatively little upon the attitude of others. Dignity, on the other hand, results from the impression one makes upon others; and a man may be dignified when no atom of self-respect may justly remain to him. There is little akin between a desire to feel oneself as good a man as anyone else in the country, and a desire to impress the admiration of one's fellows. The first of these desires may be experienced by the most independent of cynics.

The Oriental's care for his dignity is fruitful of the most admirable qualities. It breeds courage, fidelity, generosity, and good manners. On the other hand, it besets human nature with some special dangers. It discourages effective exertion. Dignity is not to be won by manual labor, and to work with one's hands is regarded as degrading. Accordingly, the whole of the educated intelligence of the nation directs itself to one branch only of employment—the literary branch—the functions of which do not add to the comfort and wealth of the country. The candidates for literary employ become far more numerous than the opportunities for employing them, and numbers of young men find that their education has been wasted, and that they are adrift with no hopes or means of livelihood. It may be said that a predilection for clerical, as opposed to manual, work is not peculiar to the East: it is very evident in England, where young men will thankfully accept wages that an artisan would refuse, in return for the right to wear a black coat. Even in so new a country as Australia respectability counts its victims by thousands in the society of the towns. Human nature is, of course, very much the same all the world over: the differences are not essential: they are merely exaggerations of traits that are common to all. But the dislike of manual labor is in the East infinitely deeper seated and more general than in Western countries. The intelligent artisan—the most typical product of Western civilization—hardly exists. The pursuit of dignity, further, encourages idleness. If men are willing to maintain dependents whose clientship gratifies their dignity, persons willing to accept this position will not be lacking. To be dependent is to be unemployed; and the extent of unemployment in India is extraordinarily great, and constitutes a tremendous drain upon the resources of the country. Moreover, an excessive regard for dignity narrows the scope of human endeavor. It is undignified to be worsted in competition with others, and there is an inclination to shrink from competition as risky to one's esteem. This is very evident in connection with elections to municipal or other offices. The best men can often not be persuaded to stand; and, where a board is constituted partly of nominated and partly of elected members, to hold by nomination is generally preferred as the more honorable status.

A further evil is the wasteful expenditure which is encouraged by a sensitive regard for one's position. On ceremonial occasions, such as marriages, Orientals feel compelled to expend amounts that are enormous in proportion to their resources. An Indian coolie, earning 3*d.* or 4*d.* a day, will consider himself disgraced if he spends less than 3*l.* or 4*l.* in marrying his daughter: higher up the scale expenditure upon a marriage commonly dissipates a whole year's income—and even more. And this outlay, be it remembered, represents for the most part nothing more substantial than the feeding of a crowd of relatives and caste-fellows.

But most harmful of all are the jealous feelings to which those who are set upon personal dignity are especially liable. Since the beginning of history jealousy has been a rock for the shipwreck of Oriental politics. It is by no means confined to the East. It ruined classical Greece, and has brought much trouble to modern Greece also. But Eastern society is pervaded and corrupted by it: its influence is felt everywhere, and it is the constant experience of its strength and its results that makes so many of those who know India doubt whether Indians can effectively combine to govern themselves. It has before now completely broken up the Indian National Congress. The political history of Turkey and Persia, in their new conditions, has consisted of little more than the jealous animosities of rival statesmen, and the multitudes' jealous distrust of their chosen leaders. What success Turkey has achieved she owes not to her Constitution but to the commanding abilities of one of her generals, who for a period has wielded almost undisputed authority. For jealousy will veil itself before the exceptional: indeed, it does not arise when all are in submission to the authority of a despot. But the resulting situation is in no way democratic. And it lacks the guarantee of continuity which it is one of democracy's credits to supply. So long as jealousy debilitates Oriental society, eating out the heart of co-operative effort, there can be little hope for democratic institutions. These, whether Cabinets or cricket teams, are nourished by the sacrifice of individual dignity. History, so far, supports the fanciful idea that jealousy increases in virulence with the heat of the climate.

Oriental views of life have their peculiar dangers. So also have the aspirations of the modern West. Each year's discoveries add to our resources: our winnings from Nature are so large that they entirely engross us, and we are more and more inclined to a material view of life. Our pleasures, our interests, have increased enormously, and we are convinced that life is a very excellent thing. There is nothing of the pessimism of the East. Amidst present attractions the future loses interest for us; the promises offered by religion are held in light esteem, and the obligations that it imposes are analyzed out of existence. The most sceptical of critics will hardly deny that religion has been a most useful instrument of police: when its bonds are cast off society may scarcely be able to control such bitter animosities as recently convulsed the Champagne districts of France, and threatened England with paralysis of railway transport. The more desirable it is to live, the more fearful it is to die; and it seems doubtful whether Europeans in future will face death upon the battle-field with the courage of their ancestors. They will have too much to lose, especially if they are town-bred. These tendencies, it will be said, all make for the blessings of peace. This is true, if death becomes equally fearful to all the nations of Europe. It is perhaps

fanciful to think that Asia may give birth to an aggressive danger for Western civilization. But Europe has interests in Asia which she wishes to maintain. She can maintain them only by courage and self-denial. These alone give strength to her fingers. And within the borders of Europe an army is growing up which is already a menace to the easternmost members of her family. The soldiers of Turkey measure life by the standards of Asia; and Christian armies may learn before long the strength of an adversary to whom death is not appalling. It is fortunate for Italy that her descent upon Tripoli did not bring her to death-grips with such antagonists, and that her soldiers were protected from them by the sea.

How far, and how soon, is the East likely to change and accept the material ideas of Europe in place of its own? This opens a discussion of wide proportions, and space but remains for a few reflections. The material tastes of Europe are the result of change: in former days comfort was appreciated as little as it is to-day in Asia. A social ideal of Aristotle's was a man so sensitive in his pride that he would give but not receive, so as to be beholden to nobody. An Oriental would to-day accept this ideal: but it is very far from the figure which now attracts the eyes of the West—the pushing, self-advertising man of business. If Europe has changed, Asia may change also. The Japanese have apparently commenced their metamorphosis. They measure their successes in terms of commerce and industry as well as of war. But it seems doubtful whether the mass of the people regard material comfort as outweighing sentiment. They showed no sign of this during the struggle with Russia. And there is very little affinity between the government which they approve and the democratic ideals of European nations. In India, Persia, and Turkey, the material advantages of European civilization are becoming widely known and appreciated. But there is an uncomfortable feeling that an Oriental cannot copy Christian people in clothes or in habits without disclaiming his religion and dishonoring his past; and this contest between desire for the new and affection for the old has given a peculiar feature to Indian unrest—a really sincere appreciation of modern methods being accompanied by demonstrative attempts to revive archaic prejudices. In Constantinople, Teheran, and Calcutta, you will find numbers of men who in dress, habits, and thought, might belong to London or Paris. But they are for the most part free-thinkers; by cutting themselves adrift from the religion of their fathers, they have rid themselves of this embarrassing feeling of inconsistency. For a similar reason, in India, conversion to Christianity is commonly followed by a very distinct rise in the standard of comfort. An Indian who is a Christian no longer feels antagonism towards the West: he becomes identified with the West, and can consistently adopt its manners and customs. So also a native Indian official who is promoted to rank that is ordinarily reserved for Europeans will think himself justified—and is held justified by his associates—in openly adopting European habits of life, and will even give dinner parties at which his wife sits at the head of the table. He is identified with the West by his position, and Western habits appear no longer incongruous. But, so far, it appears that for the adoption of Western habits and standards there must be some effective reason for a breach with the past; and that, failing such reason, a change of habits appears in the light of a disloyalty. No doubt, amongst Indians who cling to their faith, there is a growing expenditure

upon the purchasing of things. But surplus funds are still generally hoarded: save in famine time the slenderest claims to maintenance are generously recognized: no weakening can be observed amongst the mass of the people in the status that is given by the family and the caste. In the view of Orientals the East is honorably distinguished by specialties of religion, and with these specialties peculiarities of thought and habit are almost inextricably associated. Habits that are crystallized by religious prejudice yield very slowly to economic solvents. Environment can work wonders; and, as already stated, there are in the East a considerable number of men who have visited Europe, have imbibed Western ideas, and carry them into practice on their return. The influence of their example must not be under-rated. But it does not reach very far, and loses much of its force if they are known to have abandoned their hereditary religion. The Christianization of India would effect a marvellous change in her economic position. So might also the growth of a widespread feeling of sceptical indifference. But in this case she would pay at a hazardous price for a more rapid advance in material progress.

Bampfylde Fuller.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE 'RICKSHA BOY.

Two men stood at the parting of the ways.

Before them the Woosung River, shallow, treacherous, yet not unbeautiful, rippled its muddy surface in the sunshine, catching glints and gleams that were like the sheeny tints of an opal. Behind them the Bund, gay with flags and trees and a bright procession of traffic, seemed to flaunt all its attractions on the breeze.

The two men had turned away because they hated the sight of it, though both knew that Shanghai could be a pleasant place enough when approached in a proper fashion. It was not their fault that they had not so approached it. They had come as men looking for work, and they had not found it kind. For though one of them was well-born and well-bred, and the other well educated, they were nearly penniless. On their journey through the Interior, in ignorance of the Chinese character in remote districts, where the white man is still the dreaded "foreign devil," they had made themselves feared and hated by a reckless use of the camera. When their carts were looted they had got away with but what they carried on them.

Shanghai had no welcome for impecunious strangers. It had been defrauded by plausible stories too often, and the dead-beat, "left on the Bund," had worked out the mines of charity. Also this was an unlucky moment, for, not a month before, a first-class imposter had taken in the whole town. The story was still fresh in the public mind, and no one was inclined to give work to a broken-down Englishman. Fielding knew that it would be useless to apply to the consul in face of all that they had heard, but in despair Allerton went—and came away again with a very red face, declining to say a word about the interview.

There was a long silence as they stood watching the opal river. Then Fielding said, "Well?"

Fielding was longer, leaner, more determinate than his companion. It was his misfortune that on the trip

which had brought them to this out-of-pocket condition his brains should have been subservient to another man's money. Without Allerton's financing Fielding would never have explored that interesting and little known tract of country, while, on the other hand, without Fielding's pluck and ready wit Allerton would have died a score of deaths and would never have stood, as he did now, fit and well, but penniless, a thing so incomprehensible to him that he was bewildered.

There was another silence, and then Fielding spoke again.

"If you haven't any ideas of your own, you'd better adopt mine," he said with a touch of impatience. "I suggest that one of us shall go to Hong Kong and look for work. You don't want to wire home for money, I have no one to wire to. There's just about enough left for one passage. We'll toss for who shall go, and whoever wins must make it a point of honor to take the first billet that offers, no matter what it is, and keep himself up to the collar until he can send the other fellow enough to join him. He must deny himself small luxuries; he must scrimp and save; he mustn't have a pipeful of tobacco until the two are reunited. He must strain every nerve to send the passage-money at the earliest possible date."

"Of course. Anybody would."

"Everybody wouldn't," snapped Fielding, in a moment of sharp intuition. "There are some fellows who are a dashed sight too easy-going to remember others when once they are out of the wood themselves."

"If I win the toss," Allerton said, "I swear that I'll do no more than exist until I've earned enough to start us both."

"So do I. Agreed then. Will you toss, or shall I?"

"You," said Allerton. Then he cried, "Wait. Let us think it over!"

"Surely you've thought it over long enough," Fielding said coldly. "The tender won't wait. She's been hooting this half hour."

He took a small coin out of his pocket and looked at it.

"The dragon you go. Cry!" he said.

"Dragon!" cried Allerton, with a promptness that brought a smile to Fielding's face.

He clapped his hands upon the little piece and showed it. The dragon was down.

"Best out of three," said Allerton feverishly. "I—should have said so before."

With a cool glance at him, Fielding spun the coin and showed the dragon in his palm. Then, with an exasperating slowness, with a kind of drawl in his movements, he threw the coin again, this time allowing it to fall to the ground. Instantly it was covered with dust. He stooped and blew the surface clear.

"Which side—which side?" asked Allerton.

"Dragon. Can't you see?"

Allerton went down upon his knees to look, and gave a gasp of relief. It was evident that he did not wish to be left to fend for himself in Shanghai.

Fielding's expression did not change, save for a sudden look of intentness that came into his eyes, but he felt alarmed when he saw the increasing satisfaction of Allerton's face.

"He'll forget me," he thought. "I can feel it in my bones that he'll forget me as soon as he's in easy circumstances himself."

Aloud he said: "Then that's settled. Here's the money for your passage and ten dollars to start you in H. K. Not a very large amount, but it's got to be enough. Here's the balance for myself, seven dollars thirty. And I think we'd better change coats. Mine's too big for you, but it's not so worn. I

wonder if I can get into yours without bursting the seams. Right-o. Better fit than I expected. Here's the haversack,—last remnant of your carefully planned outfit!"

They walked to the tender, which lay bumping gently against the wooden jetty.

"You remember the terms of the compact?" Fielding asked, with a cheery voice and a searching eye.

"Yes, that's all right. You'll hear from me very soon. How long will that seven dollars last you?"

"Just until I hear from you, and no longer."

"I'll write very soon,—as soon as possible. I hope you'll get on all right."

"You needn't worry about me," said Fielding drily. "You've got to take care of yourself, and then to remember the compact."

Just as the tender started, when she was about six feet from the pier, Allerton was overcome with compunction at leaving Fielding behind.

"I wish you'd won the toss," he said. "There's time to change even now if you would. You'd get on just as well as I should in Hong Kong. Won't you——"

But the Woosung widened between them.

Better not to ask how he lived,—what he ate or where he ate it. It suffices to say that he existed upon seven dollars and thirty cents for three weeks. At first he tried again to find some sort of work that he could do with either his head or his hands, and wandered about the city making inquiries; but everybody appeared to be particularly satisfied with the people whom they employed already, and did not consider themselves justified in taking on an extra hand. And later, when rations grew very short, he gave up the attempt, partly because he had great trouble in making his tired brain and limbs obedient to his will, and partly because he felt that to call at a man's office to ask for work and possibly prove one's incapability by fainting upon the doorstep would be a subtle form of begging in which he would rather not indulge. So he shunned his fellow-countrymen, and lived among the Chinese. He called at the post office as soon as it was possible to hear from Allerton, and continued to call there, growing more and more discouraged day by day. On the first morning that he was entirely out of funds he found that a steamer had arrived from the south, and went again to the post office full of hope. Perhaps Allerton had written in time to save him at this eleventh hour. He might have found a billet, got an advance, and hastened to send some of it to his chum. A single dollar would help him to tide over for the moment, anyhow. He would not think of what would happen later if there was no letter.

By this time the clerk knew him by sight, and he shook his head at him the moment that Fielding entered the doorway.

"Go and look!" said Fielding.

The man went to the letter rack and came back saying that there was nothing for any one of his name today.

Fielding turned to the door. He did not see the orderly street, the substantial buildings, and the green trees with the sun shining upon them. He saw starvation, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes that stared into his, starvation personified, with twitching lips and restless glance. The next moment he gave an unbalanced laugh when he realized that he had seen his own reflection in a glass door. He went out into the street feeling a little shaken.

Beside the pavement a coolie was waiting with a 'ricksha. He patted the cushion invitingly, saying, "Licksha, licksha!" And, moved by some unreasoning impulse, and forgetful that

his pockets were empty, Fielding stepped into it. The boy lifted the shafts and turned for his direction, and Fielding pointed forwards with his arm.

They followed the long straight road until they were beyond all landmarks known to Fielding, and most of those known to any foreigner. They left the houses behind them and came to queer huts and shanties and big open spaces with heaps of building rubble, old rusty iron, and the refuse of timber-yards. The tide plashed up in a single ripple that reached the boundary of a little garden. The 'ricksha boy had looked round curiously at his fare more than once, and now he put down the shafts and approached him with outstretched hands and the question, "How much farther do you wish to go?"

Fielding regarded him vaguely, and then suddenly became alert and turned out his pockets.

"I have no money," he said briefly. "How did I get here?"

The boy began to swear, but was stopped by a stern look. Fielding got out of the 'ricksha, walked across the road and sat down with his back against the wall of a little house. The 'ricksha boy, realizing that one cannot get money out of empty pockets, accepted the situation, and thumped on the closed door of the hut, crying, "O, Wu, boat-builder, I have brought you a guest. May he be more profitable to you than he has been to me!" and he rattled off in search of a more lucrative fare.

Wu, who was bending over a half-finished boat in the middle of his back garden, was small and old and shrivelled. He had kindly eyes, and the sun and air had given him rosy cheeks that looked strange upon a yellow face. His cousin, who was warder of the yard, and responsible to their various owners for the safety of the heaps of scrap-iron and timber, helped him with his trade.

Wu did not leave the boat until midday, when he came into the house to prepare his rice. While it was boiling he opened the street door to see if any were passing with whom he might exchange civilities, and his eyes fell upon the long figure of the foreigner under the wall.

Fielding had got beyond the belt-tightening pitch of hunger and was merely drowsy. The friendly autumn sun shone upon him, and he felt dimly grateful for its warm benison. He had slipped down until he lay upon the ground with one arm across his brow. He did not wish to be disturbed. The sharp edge of his suffering was past, and it was followed by something very like peace. He had had dreams of manna in the wilderness, of kind hands ministering to him, of light and friendship. But they were past; and he was done with his hot, resentful anger against Allerton, and the wish to meet him and extract an apology. He was beyond the reach of all that could worry and annoy. He was tired and heavy, and a great stupidity was upon him, so deep that painful thoughts could no more pierce his brain than starvation could disturb his body. He looked forward tranquilly to oblivion and the nothingness that he felt approaching nearer every hour.

The little boat-builder stared at him with an astonished exclamation, and then touched him with his foot to gain his attention. With a painful effort the long form withdrew itself about an inch. Wu lifted the arm that hid the brow, and a pair of vacant eyes gazed up at him. It did not need the man's thinness and sunken cheeks to tell the Chinese his extremity,—the eyes alone did that. Wu stared curiously, but with a look that was not destitute of sympathy. Then he dived under the low doorway and returned with his

rice-bowl, and Fielding came to himself to find that he was sitting up, drinking the hot fluid with grains floating in it. "Give me some more!" he cried in English, but Wu took away the bowl and hid it from sight. "Go to sleep now," he said, "I will come back presently." And Fielding dozed again. At evening when the sun was off the roadway and the ground beginning to grow cold, Wu reappeared, and helping him to his feet led him into the hut and showed him a place on the k'ang where he could lie down.

That was how it began.

Wu had a good opinion of foreigners, supposed that they were always rich men, and deemed that a friendly turn done to one of them would be well paid. Also he had a humane heart, and in his care for Fielding was actuated about equally by kindness and the desire for a reward. His wife was dead, his only son in America; the warden of the scrap-heaps was not an amusing person for one's sole companion. Wu found the foreigner extremely interesting and entertaining.

Fielding told him frankly that he had no money to requite him for his kindness, but that he was willing to work. Wu asked if he could build a boat, and Fielding confessed that he could not. The Chinese inquired what trade he followed, and on hearing that he had none, was disposed to consider him either very rich or else very idle. And he asked, with much flowery circumlocution, how he came to be in such an impecunious condition. Fielding answered that he had been robbed in the Interior, and asked whether Wu could suggest any way of his earning a livelihood.

There ensued a long controversy between the two Chinese as to the calling which it would be proper, under such circumstanecs, for a foreigner to adopt. Fielding was not quick enough at the language to understand all the ramifications of the conversation, and ceased to take an interest in it. All that he gathered was that Wu had a little hoard of savings that he was anxious to let out at an usury of fifty per cent for six months. As he waited for the sing-song talk to wear itself out, some accident of memory threw before him the steady swing and stride of the 'ricksha boy who had brought him to Wu's door no further in the past than yesterday. Surely this was a form of unskilled labor which was always in demand. He thought the matter over quietly for a moment, and then told his new friends that he had decided to pull a 'ricksha, if they would help him at the start.

Wu was staggered at the idea. He said that no foreigner had ever pulled a 'ricksha, and that, speaking as one in the dust to one above the clouds, he would like to discourage Fielding's august mind from entertaining such a suggestion. Fielding said that if he had been willing to build or row a boat for a living, why not pull a 'ricksha? No foreigner had done so because no one had been quite in his position. Wu said that he had seen foreigners rowing boats, but never pulling 'rickshas. However, he added (having gleaned from Fielding's purposeful face that he must find some other bourse for his savings), it was a good way to earn a living, if the sage's honorable dignity could descend from its altitude to enrich the 'ricksha boy's calling with its brilliant example. The cousin slipped his horny fingers into Fielding's collar and felt the back of his neck.

"He will never do it," he said. "He has no muscle."

But mindful of the half-arm balance that had been the pride of his youth, Fielding answered, "It will come. Help me to procure a 'ricksha, old uncle."

So after many days of enjoyable bargaining Wu hired a 'ricksha with brass

rings round the handles, and arranged for Fielding to purchase it by instalments. He also bought him a suit of cotton clothes, a fur cap, and a long black queue which he fastened deftly inside the lining. Fielding put the best face he could upon the matter, and invited Wu to come for a run round the town. The Chinese was delighted. He got into the 'ricksha and Fielding trundled him away. It was easy work until they came to streets crowded with traffic. Then, turning a corner too fast, the runner narrowly missed a Mandarin's chair on one side and a lamp-post on the other, and swerved so quickly that Wu was nearly thrown out. Then he ran into another 'ricksha that was coming towards him, shouted "Flea!" at the coolie, and turned to go. But the coolie's face arrested him, and he recognized the boy who had left him at Wu's door that first day of his Chinese life.

"I will pay you next week," he said. "Come for it."

As soon as Wu considered him expert enough to be a professional, Fielding was registered under the name of "Ah-sing," and nobody seemed to notice any discrepancy between his pseudonym and his physique. And he ran the autumn into winter up and down the streets of Shanghai. And if his feet were rather long and white and narrow for a 'ricksha boy, they were soon covered with mud. And if the hair at his temples had an inclination to curl, the barber shaved it twice a week. He did not look Chinese or un-Chinese, but in the mixed crowd of Shanghai passed for one of the tall Northerners who also wear the queue. He paid a little boy to go to the post office to ask for letters whenever the southern mail came in. But his chit was always returned, initialled by the clerk, with the words, "No letters by this mail."

He wondered what had become of Allerton. He must have got work or assistance before now. Why had he not written? Surely not even that casual partner would have left a chum so completely in the lurch. He might have forgotten or been slack about it for a week or two, but even Allerton must have realized how grave was the outlook for the man left in Shanghai. Fielding had long ago discovered that Allerton was incurably lazy about matters that did not pertain to his own personal comfort. Was he slack enough to let a friend die if he had the means of saving him? Perhaps Allerton himself had died or met with some misfortune, and Fielding was doing him an injustice in blaming him. But when Fielding remembered his friend's unstable character, and the expression of his face when he won the toss and went on board the tender, he was disposed to believe that Allerton might even now be living in Hong Kong, safe and well and with means at his command, knowing his obligations, and fully meaning to keep his promise, yet somehow in no hurry to do so as long as life went well with himself. And Fielding drew in his breath, and hoped that something would soon happen to arouse that tardy conscience.

It was a great blow to him to part with his English clothes. Wu apparently considered that he would never need them again, and pawned them to pay for the Chinese suit. Fielding lamented it bitterly. He felt as if he had been denationalized, and the last straw that bound him to his country had been severed. It was no use being angry with Wu. He was a good-natured little fellow, if shrewd, but Fielding wished that he had left him those treasured old clothes until he could have earned enough by his 'ricksha to pay for the cotton ones. He was becoming more and more deeply embedded in this uncongenial life. He struggled vainly, but could not find a way out. He told himself

that he must think of some brilliant plan, but when his work was over his brain felt so deadened and incapable of effort that he could only eat his rice and lie down and sleep. He decided that the way to freedom lay through his daily toil; he would devote himself to his 'ricksha until he had saved enough for a passage to Hong Kong, and then fly. But he did not earn money fast. A very short day's work tired him considerably, until he was accustomed to it. Then the purchase money for the brass-ringed 'ricksha had to be paid, and Wu recompensed for his board and lodging and when he had a few cents over it was a great temptation to piece out the rice meals with delicacies from the food-stall at the corner. They were appalling concoctions, but very palatable after an unvaried diet of grain.

The day's work was woefully hard, but perhaps this was a redeeming quality, for when it was over he had no energy to lament either past or present, but would lay his tired length down upon the k'ang and sleep soundly, conscious only that the night was not long enough for rest. He was out soon after daybreak, searching the streets for a fare, or else waiting on the cold stand with his wadded coat over his shoulders. And at noon he came in, yearning for a chop and a glass of beer, and Wu gave him rice and weak tea. He spent the afternoon running up and down the Bund, to house and office, jetty and station; and at dusk returned wearily, and partook of millet and hard biscuit and more weak tea. Sometimes there were eggs, never very fresh, boiled hard and eaten with plenty of rough gritty salt. And the rain drenched him, and the snow chilled him, and the wind cut him, and the sun baked him. And his face grew pinched and wistful, while his muscle developed abnormally.

Time slipped by unheeding, until one winter morning the sound of bells woke him in the early dawn and he guessed that it must be Christmas. While he was out in the streets looking for a fare a girl waved to him across the road. He ran obediently to her side and found that he must take her to church. They spoke no word in their common language, but he knew that she was English, and that she had a Christmas face, full of kindliness for others. He put down the shafts at the church door and stood panting while she burrowed in her muff. She paid him with a 'ricksha ticket from a tiny purse, and then, because it was Christmas, gave him also a small coin and a bright nod. Her opinion of the Chinese rose when she noticed his clear, enlightened face, but she never guessed that it was an English heart that beat under the blue poo tunic.

He watched her as she went into church. A green wreath round a pillar near the door proclaimed the festive season; so did the organ just beginning to breathe a Christmas hymn. He saw his fellow-countrymen rising to their feet, heard the burst of praise, and a look of despairing home-sickness came into his face. He was minded to leave his 'ricksha where it stood and enter—take off cap and queue and go and kneel in a workhouse seat, if there was such a thing. But he positively dared not. For he knew that the words and tunes, familiar since his childhood, breaking in upon this strange life of his, would set him weeping, and the bland churchwarden might feel it his duty to eject a poor half-witted Chinese. He stepped between the shafts, swung round, and ran swiftly until he was out of ear-shot.

He dared not think of home. His mind leapt aside from the thought as a man might leap from the point of a bayonet. Then it came hovering back and circled round it, playing moth and candle, not able to keep away, but

knowing that it would be fatal to go near. He could only think of two ways of escape from his present plight: the river was one exit, the opium-den another. But he scorned both. Either he would get out of this false position honorably, or else he would remain in it. The life was at all events an honest one. But he loathed it, and every circumstance that went to make it, and himself for having descended into it.

He ran the short winter days into spring, and still there was no word or sign from Allerton. The warm weather came. He discarded the fur cap and fastened his queue inside a shady, cone-shaped hat of millet-straw. The foreign population of Shanghai dispersed in all directions, up river, home, or to Japan. The sun shone down upon Fielding and wore him thin, and he ran the long summer days into autumn again.

Philippa Bridges.

Blackwood's Magazine. *(To be concluded.)*

PEASANT ART.*

This book contains many illustrations of the art of the many different peoples of Austria-Hungary. The introductory articles, by Mr. A. S. Levetus, Dr. M. Haberlandt, and Mr. A. Kriesch-Körösföi, give us facts rather than fancies and explain to us the conditions in which all this diverse art has arisen. There are two points to be noted about it—the first, that East and West meet in Austria-Hungary in art as in other things; the second, that this art is closely connected with the main events in the peasants' lives and with their main occupations. Any one looking through these illustrations can see at a glance the Byzantine influence in the patterns of Bosnian wood-carving or in those on a doorway at Zsobok, in Transylvania. Bosnian carpets are quite Oriental: they look more Persian than Turkish; but modern Western influences are just as clear in the art of most of the German races. We are told, indeed, that the ornament of the Eastern and Southern Slavs originated in a remote antiquity, whereas the ornament of the Germans, West Slavs, and Italians passed into peasant art in the last four centuries. Thus the Western ornament is often imperfectly fitted to the object, whereas the Eastern seems as natural as the plumage of a bird or the veining of a leaf; and thus we are able to understand why Eastern decoration is usually so superior to Western. Western life is always changing and the changes pass quickly from one people to another. Even in the Middle Ages the great Gothic art was in a state of continual structural change, and for this reason it never had time to develop any system of ornament perfectly suited to its structure. So it has been all through our history with every kind of object made by Europeans—with buildings, furniture, clothes, jewelry, and all kinds of tools and vessels. They have changed with the incessant changes in our life, and ornament has never had time to adapt itself to their new forms. But in the East, as life itself changes little, so there is little change in the form of things made by man, and consequently in the ornament applied to them; and thus ornament has had time to adapt itself perfectly to every object.

But this difference between European and Oriental ornament is also the difference between the art of the wealthier classes in Europe and living peasant arts everywhere. The life of

* Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary. Edited by Charles Holme. The Studio Special Number, Autumn, 1911. (The Studio.)

the wealthier classes changes far more swiftly than the life of peasants, and everything that they use changes with it. This instability is most extreme and most obvious in clothes. Fashions in dress never have time to develop their logic before they are superseded. So we take it for granted that fashion must be irrational, and accept its changes as we accept the changes of the weather. But there are changes of fashion almost as quick and arbitrary in many other arts, and these spread from one country to another as easily as news. So for all the wealthier classes of Europe there is a cosmopolitan art, characterless and unstable, expressing nothing except the imitative instinct and the desire for display; and wherever peasants have been long exposed to the influence of this art they have deserted their own art for it and bought dull and ugly things where they used to make things beautiful and interesting for themselves. Peasant art, we are told, and especially national dress, has died or is dying in the least primitive parts of Austria. The Government and different societies try to revive it by means of home industries. "Schools are organized and teachers sent from village to village to teach new methods and designs. But the school work, beautifully executed as it is, loses in comparison with the naïve charm in the spontaneous designs" of the true peasant art, and for a very simple reason. The true peasant art, as we have said, is closely connected with the life of the peasants. A great amount of thought, Mr. Levetus tells us, is spent upon the Austrian peasant's bed. It has bed-linen beautifully embroidered, and bed curtains worked in silks that are used only when a child is born. Then there are marriage coffers filled with fine embroidery. Among the Slovaks a mother used to make her daughter's bridal cap, which the bride never wore again after her wedding until she died. An old Slovak woman, we are told, was offered a large sum of money for her bridal cap and refused it, saying, "How will my mother know me? I cannot do it." In the Tyrol men carve love-offerings of wood. In Carniola, a great bee-keeping country, the boards used to protect the hives are painted with curious designs. In parts of Bohemia and Moravia houses are whitewashed every spring and redecorated with frescoes. This work is always done by women. In Zakopane "each peasant builds his own house and adorns it with pierced woodcarving, no two designs being alike."

Now it is clear that art of this kind, which grows out of the pleasure peasants take in making things for themselves, must be different in character from art which they are taught so that they may make things for other people. The latter is not true peasant art at all: it is art practised by peasants to please the taste of sophisticated people who are tired of the mechanical perfection of cosmopolitan art. It is only when the peasant makes things for his own household, or for households just like his own that he expresses his own tastes and character and sets himself his own problem. Then in his quiet life, that suffers little change from generation to generation, the forms of things are fixed by his wants; and the ornament, that expresses his pleasure in making them and his desire to make them as beautiful as living things, fits itself more and more perfectly to whatever it adorns, as rhythm in poetry fits itself to sense. But when his life is invaded by change, and, for whatever reason, he ceases to make things for himself, then his artistic faculty, unless it is very strong, dies for want of an object. He can still be taught technical skill, but he cannot be taught to express himself, for his teachers do not know his native language, but only a kind of artistic

Esperanto which is foreign to every one.

It is easy to over-estimate peasant art for sentimental reasons and because it is free from the damning defects of cosmopolitan art. Unlike the work of great artists, its value is chiefly for those who produce it. It is a mere fashion that makes rich people buy it and keep it in their houses, for there it loses all its significance and is as much out of place as house-leeks when they are used for carpet bedding. As for the imitations of peasant art, they are like folksongs played on a piano-organ. Their crudeness is merely lack of finish; and if an article of commerce is not well finished it has nothing to recommend it. The roughness of true peasant art is pleasant to us because it suits and expresses the life of the peasant. He does the best he can, and will not sacrifice his own taste and his pleasure in his work to high finish. Indeed, it is only when peasant art is content with a certain amount of roughness that it can flourish and abound, for only then is it within the powers of a man of average artistic capacity. Many men can learn to express themselves in things that are roughly made and ornamented; many can be taught to produce highly-finished articles that express nothing; only the born artist can express himself through a high finish. Thus peasant art is valuable because it allows the ordinary man to express himself artistically and to experience a pleasure which only artists know in more sophisticated societies. Ruskin pointed out that in Gothic architecture the ordinary craftsman was able to express himself, but when the Renaissance came, with its higher standard of finish, only great architects and sculptors produced expressive work; the rest were all turned into mechanics. So it is with peasant art; and, just as Gothic was superseded by Renaissance when the modern world began, so now peasant art constantly tends to be superseded by work that attempting more, accomplishes nothing.

There is no doubt that high finish, even when merely mechanical, has a natural and very strong attraction for the human mind. That is proved by the history of all arts, and it seems to be one of the chief reasons why they so often decline after reaching a certain height of excellence. For high finish, though it pleases us so much, is not an artistic quality, since by itself it expresses nothing. It can be combined with every kind of artistic vice, and has been so combined in Sèvres china, in Louis Quinze furniture, and in a hundred different articles that one can see any day in Bond-street shop windows. Yet the fact remains that it has an attraction so strong that often everything else is sacrificed to it. The earlier Flemish painting was killed by it; the development of Renaissance architecture was fatally checked by it; and now that machinery has made it easy and common in a thousand articles of daily use they have become as uninteresting as the universe itself would be if mechanical theories of its origin were true. And just as these theories have a strange power of intimidating us and of shaking our faith in our own instincts and experiences, so mechanical finish has a strange power of intimidating the peasant and putting him out of conceit with his own workmanship. No doubt he sees something rustic and clumsy in that workmanship when he compares it with the factory products of a great city, just as a rustic himself is often put to shame by the mechanical cleverness of a cockney and by wit repeated from the music-halls and the comic papers. To him the factory product seems to have a kind of perfection; and so it has—the perfection of a machine that can do exactly what it tries to do, that can

stamp patterns everywhere as easily as a man can stamp his footprint on the sand. The peasant, when he carves wood or paints earthenware, has a desire to make his pattern neat and symmetrical mixed with his desire to express himself; indeed, he cannot express himself in ornament without some neatness and symmetry. But machine-made ornament is so superior in these qualities to anything he can do that he is over-awed by it, and fails to see that it is also entirely inexpressive. So he would rather have the factory product than his own handiwork, and buys where he used to make. Often, no doubt, there are economic reasons for the change. It is cheaper to buy than to make. But if the peasant knew the vast superiority of what he makes to what he buys, if he could understand what pleasure, what interest in life, and what exercise of his higher faculties he forgoes when he ceases to be an artist, then we may be sure that he would not be the slave of cheapness. It is because the factory product seems to him better than his own work that he gives up his own work for it.

So peasant art is vanishing wherever commerce spreads; and meanwhile the rich and powerful, whose taste has produced all that mechanical art which is killing peasant art, are undergoing a change of taste. Mr. Levetus says that now the work of the peasant is taken seriously and we are learning from it "that art is not to be desired at any price, but only when it is prompted by a vital motive or some special occasion." That is the æsthetic principle which underlies our change of taste, and the best hope for art in the future lies in the clear understanding and resolute application of it. Art is dying because we all want too much of it; and in trying to cope with our demand it ceases to be art. We have learnt to expect ornament everywhere, and we have forgotten that, since its aim is expression, machine-made ornament is a contradiction in terms. The peasant, making his own things, only ornaments them when he has something to express through his ornament; it is like a song which a man sings over his work. But machine-made ornament, stamped on a thousand articles made all on the same pattern for the market, is like music ground out on a barrel-organ, and as silence is better than the one so plainness is better than the other. The high finish of machinery often has a real beauty of its own so long as it makes no pretence to be what it is not. In Bond-street one may see silver cigarette cases, watches, dressing bags, which, being quite plain, please the eye and satisfy the mind because of their perfect fitness for their purpose, to which their finish contributes. But directly they are ornamented they cease to please the eye or satisfy the mind; for ornament is as irrelevant to this mechanical perfection as poetic imagery is irrelevant to precise statements of prosaic fact. Ornament is the expression of a mood; and in these mechanical masterpieces there is no mood to be expressed. They can express nothing but their uses, and when they do that they have a virtue of their own. Peasant art, through its very imperfection and the pleasure we are learning to take in that imperfection, may teach us that ornament is by nature incompatible with mechanical perfection of finish. Where there is living ornament there must be in the workmanship some of the imperfection of life. Therefore when we want mechanical perfection we should not demand ornament. If we do we are sure to get something as ugly and irrelevant as the architecture of the Tower Bridge. It is because we have tried to combine the two that this mechanical art has spread all over Europe and is killing the real art of the peasants everywhere. Real art can revive only

when we have learnt to renounce the sham, when we have as much disgust of inexpressive ornament as of poetical claptrap. That is the lesson of peasant art, which it seems to be teaching by means of its own death.

The Times.

HOW WORLDS ARE FORMED.

The way in which this world came to be what it is has been the subject of speculation, to some extent philosophical, and of divination garnished with the mysterious, and devoid of any solid foundation of scientific knowledge, almost from the time when men became capable of expressing thought in speech. It was not, however, until Laplace formulated the details of his famous Nebular Hypothesis in 1796 that any scientific account of the way planets originated was put forward. Laplace started by assuming the existence of a huge, hot, gaseous nebula with a central and more condensed portion, or nucleus, which was to become the sun. This vast nebula extended beyond the orbit of our farthest planet, Neptune, and was possessed of a motion of rotation, or spinning, about an axis through its centre. It is sometimes said that Laplace *assumed* this rotatory motion, and that the assumption is a drawback to his system. The truth is that if Laplace's nebula came —as it almost certainly did—from the collision of two great suns rushing through space, shattering each other to atoms, it would be almost miraculous if the nebula to which they gave rise had no such motion of rotation. According to a great principle of dynamics, if two suns, neither of which was spinning about its axis, met each other "full tilt," like two railway trains on the same straight road, the nebula into which they would be converted would be quite devoid of rotation; but it is only in such very restricted conditions that rotation would be absent; so that this objection to Laplace's hypothesis is quite groundless. There are, however, some serious objections—and of a few of them Laplace himself was aware. Without going into technical details, which would be unsuitable to the general reader, we may say simply that Laplace's hypothesis does not account successfully for the formation of the moons which revolve round planets, or for the directions in which these moons revolve round their own axes.

Several years after the hypothesis was started, it received a most striking confirmation from a simple experiment devised by a blind physicist, M. Plateau. Let us take a glass vessel, filled with a mixture of alcohol and water, and let a straight vertical wire, or thin rod, which can be spun very rapidly about its axis, be passed down through the liquid. If, before causing the wire to spin, we cause a fairly large drop, or sphere, of oil (which will just float) to attach itself to the wire so that the wire passes through the centre of the oil sphere and forms an axis round which the oil can rotate, we shall find that, on gradually spinning the wire, the drop of oil will gradually flatten, becoming orange-shaped; and that when the rotation is rapid, the oil will throw off a complete ring from itself, this ring and the remaining nucleus of oil forming an exact picture of Saturn and his rings. Ring after ring can be thrown off by increasing the rotation of the wire. Now Laplace's rotating nebula would gradually cool, contract, and approach a liquid form; so that it might be expected to throw off rings, as M. Plateau's oil does, which would (or might) concentrate them-

selves into planets—provided that each such ring had somewhere in it a large lump towards which the whole ring could draw itself, very much as a snail draws in its horns. The assumption of such an overwhelming lump or knot in each ring involves great difficulty; and it must be admitted, we fear, in spite of M. Plateau's striking construction of a miniature Saturn that our planets did not originate in this way.

In a recent work, "The Growth of a Planet,"[1] by Mr. E. S. Grew, one of the conductors of our scientific contemporary, "Knowledge," the life-history of this world of ours is set forth from another—and, we are bound to say, apparently more satisfactory—point of view. Not by any means that Laplace's hypothesis is to be dismissed in its entirety, but that it is to be accepted with a notable modification. Our sun and his planets come from a nebula; but it was not Laplace's nebula: it was never a huge sphere of hot rotating gas which gradually cooled, threw off rings which became planets, themselves very hot and surrounded by gaseous atmospheres, and in their turn throwing off moons. According to Laplace, this earth, for example, was in its earliest stage of separate existence a molten nucleus surrounded by a vast atmosphere, which gradually cooled and formed the water of the oceans. According to the newer hypothesis, the earth started as a solid, and not excessively hot, nucleus surrounded by no atmosphere, but evolving an atmosphere out of its own interior—very much after the manner of the web-spinning spider. Most of our readers are probably fairly well acquainted with the main features of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, which has been the subject of discussion and severe examination for the last hundred years; but its newer form or modification is far too recent to be well known, and we propose to indicate its principal features with no mathematical technicalities.

If we were permitted to summarize the nature of Laplace's nebula in somewhat undignified language, we should call it a "full-tilt" nebula. Our sun is moving through space, and carrying his planets with him, with a speed of about eleven miles per second—a mere snail's pace compared with that of other suns which are known to be rushing along at the rate of about 200 miles per second. Now, if we imagine two equal suns to meet each other "full-tilt," with the moderate speed of twenty miles per second each, a very simple calculation shows that the heat generated by their collision would raise their combined mass to a temperature of something like *two million degrees Centigrade;* and it will be readily admitted that such a prodigious temperature would convert the combined mass into a gaseous fiery nebula, such as Laplace postulated. But astronomers, from the time of the famous Lord Rosse, have, by means of photography, established the remarkable fact that most of the nebulæ which actually exist are very different from Laplace's; they are not spheres, but spirals, coiled after the manner of a watch-spring. How did these come into existence? The answer is—by the tearing to pieces of two suns which tried to shoot past each other at a short distance, or, at the most, grazed each other. The phenomena of our own tides, raised by the actions of the sun and moon, show us that the body of each of the grazing suns would be torn into particles (small, but still solid) by tremendous tidal action; and a closer consideration of the details shows that the matter of the bodies is spread out into spiral coils; while spectroscopic observation proves that the spiral nebulæ thus resulting are not in a gaseous but in a finely-divided solid form.

[1] "The Growth of a Planet," by Edwin Sharpe Grew, M.A. (Methuen. 6s.)

Now, from the way in which such a spiral is formed, it is evident that the formation of lumps or nuclei here and there along it is extremely probable; and, in fact, such nuclei can be seen in the photographs of all spiral nebulæ. We can see the condensation of matter round these lumps, and its thinning out to almost invisible fineness in the spaces between the successive ones along the spiral. Such lumps are obviously the future planets, which are gradually gathering to themselves the smaller pieces of matter from the portions of the spiral in their neighborhood. They are solid matter from start to finish—not gas. But here a question will naturally present itself to the reader: if these solid nuclei are not surrounded by gaseous atmospheres, how came planets to possess atmospheres such as we know to exist on all the planets of the solar system? Laplace gave them atmospheres at once before they began to condense into habitable worlds, but our new hypothesis of development from spiral nebulæ does not do so. It must therefore be that the atmospheres came out of the interiors of the planets themselves; and the possibility of such an origin can be justified as follows: The lump or nucleus which is to become the planet is building itself up with the pieces of solid matter which it is perpetually drawing in from the adjacent parts of the spiral. After some time great condensation, due to gravitation, takes place in the nucleus, and this produces a great development of heat in the interior, and consequent melting of the mass. Thus the planet becomes actually very hot, and volcanic outbursts of hot matter from the centre towards the surface take place. The heated matter, which contains imprisoned gases, will liberate these at the surface; and if the planet has already grown sufficiently large, its attraction will be able to keep these gases round about it, while any gases thus liberated before the planet had reached a sufficient size, escaped out into space, leaving the neighborhood of the body completely. In this way, then, after the planet had reached a size comparable with that of the earth, its expelled gases go to form a gaseous envelope, or atmosphere, surrounding it. In the same way the water of the planet comes from the gases expelled from the interior, and condensed near its cooled surface, bubbling up in time through the crust and filling up the cavities and basins at the surface; and thus the ocean was formed.

Such, in main outline, is the new nebular hypothesis, which actually reverses the order of events belonging to that of Laplace. This new theory, called the Planetismal Hypothesis, is mainly the work of the American geologists and physicists, Chamberlain and Salisbury, with developments by Dr. See. It does not deny the possibility of such a nebula as Laplace's, which, doubtless, exists somewhere in the universe and forms a solar system notably different from our own. The extreme regularity of the rings thrown off by such a nebula—like Plateau's oil ring—would lead to extreme regularity of motion in the solar system to which it would give rise, even if its rings could ever aggregate into planets at all; and, as M. Faye pointed out, the resulting rotations of moons and planets on their axes would actually be in a direction the reverse of that which obtains in our solar system.

Into the subsequent, or domestic, history of the earth we cannot enter here; the story is well told by Mr. Grew, whose book is a most valuable store of all the results of recent scientific research on the development of the earth and its living beings.

We would point out just one correction in the book, because the error involved may mislead some of its read-

ers. After stating correctly that the mass of the moon is about the one-eightieth of that of the earth, the author twice subsequently (pp. 35, 36) writes it "one-eighth"; but no other slip from accuracy occurs in the work.

G. M. Minchin.

The Nation.

EDWARD LEAR.*

Lear's "Later Letters" (1864-85) is a delightful book and an intimate book. It takes us into the inner circle of the friendships of the eccentric and lovable man whose name it bears, and reveals the hopes and opinions and troubles of the "dirty Landscape painter," as it amused the author of "The Book of Nonsense" to call himself.

A letter of 1866, in which Lear narrates how he put a traveller out of countenance who was informing his companions in the train that "The Book of Nonsense" was written by Lord Derby, reminds us of the date at which that immortal work was published. That was ten years before "The Hunting of the Snark," at a time when Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Disraeli were at the zenith of their powers; when George Eliot was at the height of her fame, and Meredith had crossed the threshold of his. The coincidence of such events in literature is not without interest, and the philosophic historian may find some significance therein. A deliberate indulgence in nonsensical frivolity is a not unnatural tendency, it may be thought, in an age of social, religious, and intellectual questioning and unrest. Lear was certainly no stranger to the disease of his century. He was still less a stranger to that poverty which Theocritus declares is the sole awakener of the arts, and it is to that "chill penury against which Lear's life was one continuous and arduous struggle" that Lord Cromer, in his Preface to the "Queery Leary" book, is inclined to think we owe the poems which still delight children of all ages. (Lord Cromer's quotation from Theocritus, by the way, appears in an odd form.) However this may be, it is pleasant to learn that Lear was prouder of his "Book of Nonsense" than of his paintings. It is more usual for the authors of humorous masterpieces, such, for instance, as "The Jumping Frog," to prefer their more serious and less classic achievements. Lord Cromer, alas! suggests that this was, indeed, the case with the author of "Dumbledownderry."

The "Later Letters" is mainly a continuation of Lear's correspondence with his lifelong friends Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford)—"40scue," as he calls him, with that delight in original spelling which is one of the bubbling humors of this book—and Frances, Lady Waldegrave. This volume, like that published in 1907, is edited by their niece, Lady Strachey, and includes a charming Memoir by Mr. Hubert Congreve, a close friend of Lear's at San Remo. He describes vividly his remembrances of his old friend and would-be master in art. The editing is capably and conscientiously done. Lady Strachey adds to the ease and enjoyment of the reader by elucidating in foot-notes Lear's varied references to the political and social celebrities of his day. She is no doubt wise

* Later Letters of Edward Lear to Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and others. Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. With 83 illustrations. (Fisher Unwin.)

Queery Leary Nonsense: a Lear Nonsense Book. Edited by Lady Strachey. With an introduction by the Earl of Cromer. (Mills & Boon.)

in not expecting her readers to be omniscient. We have noted some misprints, *e.g.*, on pp. 66, 97, 297, 299, which might be corrected in a future edition.

In one sense the book is disappointing; for in its 400 pages we have found scarcely a story than can be termed new or a witticism worth remembering, unless it be the translation of the famous answer to the question, Is life worth living? "Ca dépend de la foi (foie)," which Lear attributes to Lecky. Nor in the course of this lifelong correspondence with a Cabinet Minister is there any contribution to political history. The nearest approach to an indiscretion to which Carlingford could be goaded by the pinpricks of Lear's vehement denunciations of Gladstone's later manner is the admission that "in foreign affairs I sigh for Palmerston." The main interest of the book, then, is purely personal—the self-revelation of the fascinating and versatile individuality of the author, artist, and musician, Edward Lear. It is a sufficiently absorbing and interesting one. Through the medium of these whimsical letters of his with their quaint conceits, their outspoken comments on men and affairs, their humorous turns and verbal witticisms —for Lear was the most inveterate of punsters—the artist portrays himself.

He describes his travels and troubles, his work and plans, his mode of life, his financial difficulties, his visitors, and his views upon men in extraordinary detail. He could suck humor out of what would have been to most artists an unforgivable offence. "In one [of his pictures] is a big beech tree, at which all intelligent huming beans say 'Beech!' when they see it. For all that, a forlorn ijiot said—'Is that a *Palm*-tree, Sir?' 'No,' replied I quietly, 'it is a Peruvian Brocoli.'" But the scene we like best to remember is that in which he describes his delight at seeing in the paper the announcement of Fortescue's appointment to the Irish Secretaryship. He was breakfasting at the Hotel Danieli in Venice.

Being of an undiplomatic and demonstrative nature in matters that give me pleasure, I threw the paper up in the air and jumped aloft myself—ending by taking a small fried whiting out of the plate before me and waving it round my foolish head triumphantly till the tail came off, and the body and head flew bounce over to the other side of the table d'hôte room. Then only did I perceive that I was not alone, but that a party was at breakfast in a recess. Happily for me they were not English, and when I made an apology, saying I had suddenly seen some good news of a friend of mine, these amiable Italians said, "Bravissimo, Signore! We also are delighted, and if only we had some fish too, we would throw them all about the room in sympathy with you," so we ended by all screaming with laughter.

Such was the delightfully spontaneous and infectious vivacity of the man. But, above all, this paradox emerges from the perusal of these letters: the Father of Nonsense took himself very seriously, and, in spite of his devotion to frivolity, worked exceedingly hard and conscientiously throughout his long life of seventy-six years. He labored indefatigably, partly because his life was a long struggle to keep the wolf from the door; partly because a man of his temperament and active brain must so labor, willy-nilly; partly because of his delight in his work and his ambition to excel in art, shown, for instance, by his lifelong labors upon pictures intended to illustrate the works of his friend and much-admired poet, Alfred Tennyson. Mr. Congreve tells us that, apart from his published and purchased works, he left at his death over ten thousand large cardboard sheets of sketches. A few of his water-colors and drawings are reproduced in this book. Yet in spite of his industry and

enthusiasm, the world is pretty well agreed that Edward Lear was not a great painter. Few, indeed, in this generation think of him at all as an artist, except perhaps the heirs of those numerous and generous patrons of his who figure largely in this book, "swells," for the most part, sharply distinguished in the artist's mind from those "beastly aristocratic idiots who come here and think they are doing me a service by taking up my time." Lear was, by nature and habit, a Whig in politics, equally disliking violent Radicals and virulent Tories, but his correspondence suggests that he was not without some affection for the peerage—or, at any rate the purchasing portion of that much-abused community.

"If I hate anything, it is a race of idlers," he says. As a matter of fact, his dislikes were by no means confined to drones. He had a full-blooded dislike of Popes and narrow-minded parsons, which gave rise to several vigorous and amusing passages; but, above all, he loathed the whole race of Germans, "Germen, Gerwomen, and Gerchildren," whose unforgivable sin was the erection of an hotel which ruined the view from his Villa Emily at San Remo. He was equally blind to the charm and loveliness of London, since discovered by Whistler and some others: "If I were writing a new 'Inferno,' I would make whole vistas of London lodgings part of my series of Hell punishments." But he made up for his lack of appreciation here by his enthusiasm for the beauty of scenery in other more fortunate parts of the world—Corfu, India, Malta, Corsica, the Riviera—which he spent so much of his life in visiting and "topographizing." This enthusiasm he expresses thus in his nonsensical way: "The Coast scenery [of Gozo] may truly be called pomskizillious and gromphiberous, being as no words can describe its magnificence." His dislikes for certain persons and peoples he balanced with a liking for others equally wholehearted. Tennyson, the Turks, Holman Hunt, the Italians, and Bishop Colenso—he was as constant in his devotion to these as to Marsala itself. His kindly and generous affection for his faithful servant Giorgio, with whom, indeed, these letters are largely concerned, shows the man's large heart. "I am a queer beast to have so many friends," he remarks to Carlingford, one of the few who, like Sir Franklin Lushington, really "understand this queer child." But those who can appreciate the whimsical humor and wayward fancies of a truly original character will easily gather from a perusal of this volume how lovable a character the author was, and why his many friends agreed that it was "pleasant to know Mr. Lear."

The title of the second volume under review, which we also owe to Lady Strachey's editorial care, is happily taken from one of the author's own phrases, describing his Queery-Leary-Nonsense. It contains some poems and drawings lent by several owners, notably those by Mrs. Vaughan, which recall the author's friendship for John Addington Symonds. But the bulk of the book consists of the charming Preface by Lord Cromer, to which we have already alluded, and of some twenty drawings of birds done for Lord Cromer's infant son, by way of introducing him to a knowledge of color. These are delicious. The humor of the Light Red Bird, the slyness of the purple, the perkiness of the spotty, were enough to make us prize this book, even without the photographic likeness of the Runcible bird and the inevitableness of the Scroubious. Yet not the least clever thing here is the caricature of the "*Learned* and Nonsensical Bird," drawn by Ward Braham, a parody of one of Lear's own drawings of an owl.

The Athenæum.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER XI.—ANSWERS. THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

1. Give the exact distance of Stupidity from Destruction. *Answer:* Four degrees northward.
2. What may a man venture upon an Angel with? *Answer:* A right Jerusalem blade.
3. Who and what was Graceless? *Answer:* Christian's original name. Temporary's native city.
4. Mention four kinds of carriages. *Answer:* Unkind, unnatural, ungodly, churlish.
5. Who was invited for Easter Monday? *Answer:* Mr. Ready-to-Halt.
6. Mention two remedies for fainting. *Answer:* Myrrh. His Word.
7. Where was it impossible to sleep, and why? *Answer:* Beulah. Because of bells and trumpets.
8. What was the relation of Gehazi to Judas? *Answer:* Grandfather.
9. Who backed what animals? *Answer:* Giant Grim: the lions.
10. Mention the names of two footmen. *Answer:* Christian and Hopeful.
11. Give the precise value of a small mite. *Answer:* A gold angel.
12. What could not fall but might be diminished? *Answer:* Christian's family.

The Cornhill Magazine.

ROYAL AND ELDERLY.

You take something less than half a handful of sand. You stoop, set it down upon good turf, pinch it up into the shape of a cone, and press a little hard ball upon the apex. Then you rise erect, put yourself into a studied attitude, and hit the ball violently with a stick which terminates in a spoon-shaped club—or you don't. If you don't, a stroke is scored against you, and the Recording Angel sets down something else because of the words you have used. But we will look on the bright side and suppose you to have hit. The little hard ball flies, or trickles, some distance. You follow and overtake it (it has stopped); you are followed in turn by a small slave who carries an elongated bag full of spoon-shaped clubs more or less different from the one you first used. This employment is extremely bad for him: it is pretty sure to lead him out into the army of the unemployed: it is giving him a twist in that direction all the time. It matters less that all the time he is making faces behind your back. He has followed you before: often enough to conclude (intelligent imp) that, if this be a pursuit for the gentry, he can despise them, if not it. He has proved this (well enough to satisfy a jury) by a few odd moments' practice, using such balls as you have unaccountably lost and he has been unable to find.

But I delay the exciting narrative. Your little hard ball lies in a horse-rut, or close against a daisy, or (horror!) close behind a bunker. What is a bunker? It is an obstacle created by the envious gods, or else constructed by a groundman under careful instructions. "Haste!" say you. "More sand! A pyramid of sand as high as that of Cheops! that I may smack my pellet across this dreadful bunker." Alas! sir, the rules forbid it. Not all the sands of Arabia Infelix can help you here. Alone, having chosen another

spoon-ended stick (Heaven aid the choice!), you must smack with it, and smack, and again smack, until your pellet lies in a little round sunk canister. You pick it out and proceed as before, ever urging your little round ball from a lump of sand (called a "tee") to a canister (called a "hole"). You do this eighteen times, and go home and talk about it. If there be nothing to talk about, be sure you have talked enough on the road—that is the first consolation of the game. The second is, that in default of making talk over what you actually did you can fall back and discuss what you might have done, what you did on another occasion, and marvel why on this occasion the gods baulked you.

The pastime, as I have described it, was invented in Scotland. It is a capital pastime for elderly men of the upper-middle class.

(1) *For Elderly Men:* (*a*) Because it doesn't much matter what these do, anyway, so long as they are not sitting still and scheming to exploit active men's work; (*b*) because the pastime, while in itself absurd, *does* engage a man's whole attention and distract it from real mischief for so long as an eighteen-hole round may employ him (often a considerable time); (*c*) because it gives an innocent turn to garrulity, the besetting weakness of age; and (*d*) because it coaxes the old boy into the open air; keeps him acted upon by a strong breeze, often a sea breeze, and so tends to prolong existence. (I cast this in to the credit side of the account, without argument.)

(2) *Of the Upper-middle Class:* (*a*) Because it is expensive enough to rule out the lower and lower-middle class, yet not so damnably expensive as fox-hunting or the preserving of pheasants; (*b*) because the exertion it postulates while amply sufficient for a retired city man or solicitor, will scarcely keep the blood moving in an old country squire who has been inured from childhood to field sports; and (*c*) because its rests, intervals, social functions, whiskies-and-sodas, &c., will afford any fat, scant-winded fellow with endless opportunities of talking politics, cursing the lower orders, and pretending to a social position higher than his achievement.

Such, then, is the Scottish and Royal and Ancient Game of Golf. And if anyone urges against it that it encourages in the elderly man, for whom it was invented, profanity—nay, occasional blasphemy—during the brief while of play, I answer, "What does it matter?" It is much better that they should be cursing their Creator in the days of their middle-age—for a couple of hours—than plotting against man created in His image. Golf—beneficent golf—does withdraw them temporarily from that. Curses or no curses, the impartial pit awaits them.

But this "royal and ancient game"—it is not in any true sense ancient, and it was never royal save as an excuse for the talk of snobs—becomes a new and unpatriotic nuisance when it takes hold of the young. It has none of the discipline, the ordered grace of cricket; none of the discipline, the ordered pugnacity of football; none of the discipline, the ordered harmony of rowing. It does not call on beautiful self-sacrifice as do all of these: it equally fails to call, as boxing calls, on straight pluck. Yet some schools permit it.

The worst is that, being essentially an elderly man's game, boys misled into playing it at school easily continue to play it in early manhood. And here comes in the gravamen of my charge. I have been chairman of a Recruiting Committee on a County Territorial Association. The force under that association is short of establishment—and where lies the blame? It lies with the officers, or with the men who ought to be officers. The rank and file are well enough: we could recruit them by the

hundreds more if they did not see their betters shirking duty—to play golf. To cap the folly, these shirkers (*me teste*) spend their time in the golf-pavilion arguing with short-winded, elderly gentlemen that nothing short of compulsory service will save this country . . . and arguing for a war with Germany, "the sooner the better!"

The Eye-Witness.

Is this incredible? Nothing is incredible when young men take up a game designed for fat-bellied age. If you find it difficult to believe, go down to any metropolitan railway station—say Waterloo (it's a good name)—on a Saturday morning and watch the young men who take tickets and the sort of rifles they carry.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

WILLIAM.

(*A rather unfortunate Episode.*)

"He pecks the gilded confines of his cage,
He eats enormously but gets no fatter,
He answers nothing to our persiflage,
He who was warranted to chirp and chatter;
My father thinks that he is off his head,
So we have mewed him in our topmost garret,—"
That was (in substance) what Miss Thompson said
About her parrot.

And I, in part from friendliness with her,
In part from anguish for the poor brute's sorrow,
Said, "I will do my best that voice to stir;
Have him sent round to me some time to-morrow."
So William came. Most anxiously I thought
What authors he would like, what honeyed words heed,
And in the intervals went out and bought
Sugar and bird-seed.

At last I cried, "The Muse!" and every morn
Sat down beside the bars and read him pieces
Of the high poets' pages, thumbed and worn,
Battles and old romance and kings' deceases;
I read him "Thyrsis" and I read him "Maud,"
Browning and *Keats*, and every favorite writer.
But still he stuffed and still his cage he clawed,
The dashed old blighter.

But on the ninth day, as I droned aloud
Some song of *Swinburne's* full of flowery riot,
There seemed a lifting of oblivion's cloud;
He closed his dexter eye; he grew more quiet;
Some change in that wild savage heart occurred;

He seemed to say, "This dumbness was dissembling";
Almost I seemed to catch the golden word;
His mouth was trembling.

But, ere he spoke, Miss Thompson took him back,
And I, in good hopes that the bird was better
And sure to find again the long lost knack,
Expected hour by hour some thankful letter;
And then I met Miss Thompson in the street,
And unsuspectingly took off my bowler,
I think I never saw a face so sweet
Look quite so Polar.

Worried with apprehensions, faint and weak
I sought her brother James, a rare good fellow,
And said to him at once, "Did William speak?
Was it from 'Atalanta' or 'Sordello'?"
And James replied to me: "Some British tar,
One of the kind whose breasts are bronzed and oaken,
Must have taught William first in days afar:
William *has* spoken."

Punch.

DELHI AND THE DURBAR.

Amid the scenes of splendor unparalleled even in the Imperial city of Delhi itself, the great day of the Durbar has come and gone. In conformity with the immemorial usage of the East, various boons and remissions of penalties were announced to the people. Grants of half-month's pay were made to all soldiers, sailors, and subordinate civil servants. Certain criminal prisoners and small debtors were released. Officers and men of the native army were made eligible for the Victoria Cross, an honor to which the Indian soldier has long aspired. Popular education is to be aided by a small gift of £300,000, and similar grants are promised for the future. But all these subsidiary marks of favor are thrown into the background by a master stroke of high policy which involves vast changes in administrative organization. The capital of India is to be removed from Calcutta to Delhi, and following on this the Bengali Provinces are to be reunited, Assam will revert to its earlier position as a Chief Commissionership, and a new Province is to be created by uniting the districts of Behar, Chota Nagpur, and Orissa under a Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

As an appeal to Indian imagination alone no better policy could have been followed than the reversion to Delhi as capital. "Not only," to follow the words of the Secretary of State for India, "do the ancient walls of Delhi enshrine an Imperial tradition comparable with that of Constantinople, or with that of Rome itself, but the near neighborhood of the existing city formed the theatre for some most notable scenes in the old-time drama of Hindu history, celebrated in the vast treasure-

house of national epic verse. To the races of India, for whom the legends and records of the past are charged with so intense a meaning, this resumption by the paramount Power of the seat of venerable Empire should at once enforce the continuity and promise the permanency of British sovereign rule over the length and breadth of the country." If criticism is to be made, it should be directed against a tendency towards Imperial centralization, which might possibly be promoted by this move of the Viceroy's seat to Delhi.

But, important as the change may be in its appeal to the traditional instincts of India, it is also dictated by more direct motives of policy. Calcutta became the capital of India through a seemingly fortuitous course of events. Those chance causes have now disappeared, and the unfortunate remoteness of its situation has become increasingly apparent. Moreover, as the capital also of one of the chief Provincial Governments, it has become too much associated in the eyes of the rest of India with a purely provincial policy. "Events in Bengal," says the explanatory dispatch from the Indian Government, "are apt to react on the Viceroy and Government of India, to whom the responsibility for them is often wrongly attributed. The connection is bad for the Government of India, bad for the Bengal Government, and unfair to the other Provinces, whose representatives view with great and increasing jealousy the predominance of Bengal. Further, public opinion in Calcutta is by no means the same as that which obtains elsewhere in India." Calcutta is a vast mart of commerce, and there is no fear that it will suffer much from the loss of a few officials. A great trade can well spare a little pomp.

Delhi, on the other hand, is already a city with imperial as opposed to provincial traditions behind it. At Calcutta the Government was surrounded almost entirely by Bengali influence. In Delhi it will be in contact with far more varied types of Indian peoples—Sikhs, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and other lesser races being all represented in the surrounding country. Not only so, but its geographical situation is more central than that of any other Indian city that could have been chosen for the same honor. On the borders of the Punjab, it is almost touched by Rajputana and the United Provinces. It is within easy reach of Central India and the North-West frontier, equidistant from Bengal and Bombay, and in close touch with the Central Native States. Moreover, some of the money squandered on the Durbar camp will be saved, and if the work is honestly carried out, the Government may almost be able to recoup itself for the cost of new buildings in the enhanced values of the 25 square miles of land which it is said to have acquired. We hope there will be no building scandals or land swindles, and that the palaces built for clerks will not be all marble and gold.

Bengal loses the Imperial capital, but, on the other hand, the province is once more restored to a united whole. Lord Curzon's policy, a policy which has caused deep and continuous ill-feeling since its introduction, is definitely reversed. The partition is frankly acknowledged to have been a mistake. In the words of the dispatch: —"It was deeply resented by the Bengalis . . . In the Legislative Councils of both the provinces of Bengal and Eastern Bengal the Bengalis find themselves in a minority, being outnumbered in the one by Beharis and Uriyas, and in the other by the Mohammedans of Eastern Bengal and the inhabitants of Assam. . . . This is a substantial grievance. . . . The bitterness of feeling will become more

and more acute. . . . We feel bound to admit that the Bengalis are laboring under a sense of real injustice, which we believe it would be sound policy to remove without further delay. "History teaches us," says the Secretary for State, in reply, "that it has sometimes been found necessary to ignore local sentiment or to override racial prejudice in the interest of sound administration, or in order to establish an ethical or political principle." But he goes on to add that whenever the opportunity occurs these assumptions of force should be retracted. We are hopeful enough to believe that generous confessions of error, backed by actions, constitute the highest wisdom in politics. And while the grievances of the Bengalis are removed, at the same time substantial justice is done to the other elements of the North-Eastern provinces. The Hindu-speaking population, "hitherto unequally yoked with the Bengali," are now to be included in a separate province based on a culture and language distinct from that of Bengal. Assam is brought back once more under a Chief-Commissionership on the grounds that the country is still insufficiently developed for its latest form of Government. "Events also of the past twelve months," says this candid report, "on the frontiers of Assam and Burma have clearly shown the necessity of having the North-East frontier, like the North-West frontier, more directly under the Government of India, and removed from that of the local Government." The interests of the Mohammedans are safeguarded by the representation they enjoy in the Legislative Councils, and Moslem sentiment is appeased by the removal of the capital to the Mohammedan City of Delhi.

The Economist.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Norman H. Pitman's story of "Chinese Playmates" (L. C. Page & Co.) is a unique addition to child literature, in that it is an attempt to follow the games and diversions of two Chinese children and is illustrated by a dozen or more full-page pictures by a Chinese artist, Sen Fah Shang. Small boy and girl readers will find the effect quite realistic.

The latest addition to the "Little Cousin Series" of L. C. Page & Co. is one of the most charming,—"Barbora, Our Little Bohemian Cousin" by Clara Vostrovsky Winlow. The separate volumes of this series aim to present in stories of child-life the essential characteristics of the various elements which enter into our complex nationality. The account given in the present volume is especially pleasing,—the author, if one may guess from her name, being moved by racial sympathy and understanding.

"Tom Strong, Washington's Scout" by Alfred Bishop Mason, (Henry Holt & Co.) is a spirited story for boys, the boy hero of which shares the fortunes of the revolutionary army from the defeat at Brooklyn to the victory at Yorktown. The story is true to history and the great characters of that period, from Washington down, figure in it. The fortunate boy reader into whose hands the book falls will find himself beguiled by the interest of the personal narrative, while at the same time a vivid impression of historic scenes and char-

acters will be left upon his mind. Nearly twenty illustrations and half a dozen maps add to the interest of the story.

Two books for young readers come together from the press of Small, Maynard & Co. "The Young Timber-Cruisers, or Fighting the Spruce Pirates" is by Hugh Pendexter, and opens a new series of books for boys, the "Camp and Trail Series" devoted to adventures in the woods and lumber camps of Maine. There is no lack of incident, and boy-readers, probably, do not care much about probabilities. "Harmony Hall" by Marion Hill, is a pleasantly written and prettily illustrated story for girls, the youthful heroine of which shows courage and a good sense of humor under trying circumstances and has her reward in happiness and prosperity at the last.

Clara E. Laughlin's "The Gleaners" is a story which takes not only its name but its plot from Millet's well-known painting which a cousin sends to Julietta Grier because the cousin's husband declared it made his back ache. Julietta has always been a very difficult young person—narrow, peevish, fussy, exacting; but the picture and her study of its meaning set her at once to work along the higher roads of life. She begins by raising her washerwoman's pay, goes on to hire a maid servant, and inspires a youthful author, who has come out into the suburbs for such inspiration, until he writes a play —"The Servant in the House" type —whereby he captures New York and Julietta. The story is told with abounding humor. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Prof. Galusha Anderson, who was President of the old University of Chicago and for twelve years Professor in the new, has written out in a form, half-fiction, half-memoirs, the impressions of his youth in a village community that used to be "far West although it was East of Lake Erie." It is a lovable, gossipy book and though it is supposed to centre around a pair of sturdy young lovers, "When Neighbors were Neighbors" really deals far more with the neighborly quality of "the Folks" than it does with any sprouting love that ends in marriage. It is all here, the Church and the minister, the Millerite excitement, the schools, taverns and temperance, bucolic doctors—and a dozen other things which made the slow old village life so charming, so kindly, so closely-knit, in comparison with the hurly-burly of our modern living. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Ida M. Tarbell's "The Tariff in Our Times" (The Macmillan Co.) is a caustic review of tariff legislation and attempted tariff legislation during the past fifty years. The author has made a thorough study of her subject; and her knowledge of the several schedules most in dispute and the history of their making surpasses that of most of the members of Congress who have been instrumental in enacting them. Miss Tarbell writes fearlessly and with keen irony; and even those who do not agree with her conclusions or regard her as a trustworthy historian can hardly fail to be diverted by the force and clearness with which she frames her indictment against excessive protection. The volume is brought down to the enactment of the existing tariff; and, in view of the importance which the tariff question is certain to assume in the present session of Congress and in the pending Presidential election the publication of the book is particularly timely.

The Baker & Taylor Co. publishes a new edition of Lucian J. Fosdick's "The French Blood in America,"—a

highly important and profoundly interesting contribution to American history. In studies of early American history the French Huguenot, not unnaturally, is overshadowed by the Pilgrim and the Puritan; yet he held an important place, and did his full share in enduring privations, defending individual freedom and establishing the religious and political institutions which underlie this government. There were Huguenots in the cabin of the Mayflower; Priscilla Alden was a Huguenot; Paul Revere was a Huguenot, a descendant of the Rivoires; and the Faneuils, the Danas, the Bowdoins and other well-known New England families were of French Huguenot ancestry. Mr. Fosdick traces the influence of French blood in America in the early settlements, in the revolution, and in the later history of the country to the present day, in no spirit of controversy but with enthusiasm and appreciation. He writes, moreover, in an engaging style, and his book, while it assembles the fruits of extensive research, is free from pedantry. There are twenty or more full-page illustrations.

"The Minister and the Spiritual Life" by the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of the Central Church, Chicago, contains the Yale lectures on preaching, delivered last spring. One of the conditions of the Lyman Beecher lectureship on preaching,—on which foundation these lectures were given—is that the lecturer chosen from year to year shall be one "who has been markedly successful in the special work of the Christian ministry." This condition was fully met in the selection of Dr. Gunsaulus, for he is one of the foremost of contemporary preachers; and the subject which he chose for these eight lectures, the relation of the spiritual life to pulpit efficiency, is one that he not only fully understands but exemplifies. In these lectures, he does not recommend spirituality as something to be acquired; he treats of it as something which must be assumed as a pre-requisite to any successful ministry, and he considers its relation to truth, to social problems, to the minister's message and power and to the lives and consciences of those who listen in the pews. Primarily addressed to ministers or to those purposing to enter the ministry, these lectures are not without an appeal to all who seek spiritual attainment. Fleming H. Revell Co.

W. E. B. DuBois, the author of that remarkable book "The Souls of Black Folk," has attempted again to interpret the negro, especially his own type the octoroon or quadroon, to the world. The result is a novel, "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," and a book that, while interesting and really exciting, does not equal the simple pathos of his former volume; for in the novel he takes up the educated negro who has risen to wealth and prominence. It is true that his hero Bles and his heroine Zora are born among the cotton-raising population of the Black Belt; but they soon drift off and Bles falls under the fascinations of a yellow-colored enchantress, a High-school teacher in Washington, a lady whom even Prof. DuBois never dares to speak of save as "Miss Wynn" though he calls the great of the earth, Senators and the like, Taylor and Cresswell, without any sign of "Mr." Zora meantime has managed to become teacher and guardian angel for a great colored school in Alabama. Here comes the repentant Bles, now a leader among the negroes, and the twain are made one. The pictures of the struggle between black and white are graphic, the details of the present-day slavery of the cotton-field-negroes as real as they are piteous. A. C. McClurg and Co.